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The Red House on Rowan Street

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

Then he pulled himself together and turned again to Burton. "Henry has an unfortunate way of provoking antagonism. But all this has no more to do with this robbery than it has to do with the spots on the sun. Even Selby doesn't accuse Henry of holding him up. I am the target of his attacks, thank Heaven."

"Why this pious gratitude?"

"I can stand it better than Henry. Possibly you did not understand Selby's slur. It has been the tragedy of Henry's life that he crippled Ben Bussey. It was ten years ago that it happened. They had a tussle. Ben was the older, but Henry was larger and stronger, and he was in a violent temper. He threw Ben in such a way that his spine was permanently injured. But the effect on Henry was almost equally serious. His hand has been against friend and foe alike. I don't consider that he was responsible for what happened here a few years later."

"Of course not. He had nothing to do with it," said Leslie. Burton saw that she had missed the significance of the doctor's remark,—and he was glad she had. As the doctor said, that matter had nothing to do with the robbery, and Henry was not implicated in the present trouble. He turned to the doctor. "I don't want to force myself upon you in the character of a pushing Perseus, but if you have no objections, I should like to spend the night in this room."

The doctor looked at him with the countenance of a chess player who is looking several moves ahead. "Why?" he asked.

"I have an idea that the person who made such elaborate preparations for your committee may be curious to learn how much of his cache was unearthed, and, knowing that the committee has been here, may come before morning to take a look. I'd like to receive him properly. I want at this moment imagine anything that would give me more unalloyed pleasure. As no one knows of my being here, I hope the gentleman may not yet have been put upon his guard. It is evident that he has been able to get into this room before, and possibly he might try again."

"But you won't be comfortable here," protested Leslie.

"I shall be more than comfortable. That couch is disgraceful luxury compared with what I am accustomed to when camping. May I stay, Doctor?"

Dr. Underwood's grave face relaxed into a sardonic smile.

"The house is yours!"

"Thank you! I was horribly afraid you would refuse. Is this room locked at night?"

"No."

"This door opens into a back hall, I noticed. Where does that lead?"

"To the kitchen and back stairs. Also, at the other end to the side door of the house, opening out into the garden and to a path which runs down to the side street."

"Is that outside door locked at night?"

"Oh, yes."

"Yet—some one has been able to get into this room without detection. That could only have been at night."

"But why should any one wish to," protested the doctor uncomfortably.

"The heart is deceitful and wicked. Your faith in human nature does you honor, but I am afraid it has also got you into trouble. However, we'll hope that it may also serve to put an end to the trouble. When we find the man who hid these claptrap stage properties in here, we will find the man who knows something about the robbery. It seems to me a fair guess that he may come back to this room tonight to investigate; but in any event there isn't anything else I can do tonight, and it will flatter my sense of importance to feel that I am trying to do something. Now, if you may, I will assist you to your room, and then say good night."

Leslie, who had been waiting beside her father, rose. "I hope you won't be too uncomfortable," she said.

"My dear," her father interrupted, "I recognize in Mr. Burton the type that would rather be right than comfortable. We are in his hands, and we may as well accept the situation gracefully. The couch isn't a bad one such a position that he could get enough of the thin moonlight from the window to see his way across his writing pad, and settled himself to the familiar task.

"My adored Rachel," he began, and then he stopped. It wasn't going to be the easiest letter in the world to write. He had been less than a day in High Ridge, yet already he had got so far away from the Putney atmosphere that he was conscious of a jolt in trying to present the situation here to Mrs. Overman. Rachel was of course the paragon of womankind. He had been a freshman at college when she married Overman, and he had accepted in perfect good faith the theory that as a consequence he was always to live the life of a Blighted Being. It had been the tacit understanding between them ever since, and he was hardly conscious that her new widowhood had put any new significance into their old relation. For years he had come and gone at her beck and call, lived on her smiles and survived her frowns with more or less equanimity, all as a bounden knight should do. It had almost become a secondary occupation. But as time went on, occasions had arisen when his account of facts had to be somewhat tempered for the adored Rachel. She was just as adorable as ever, of course, but—she didn't understand people who didn't live her kind of a life. Burton felt instinctively that the whole Underwood situation would strike her the wrong way. She would simply regard it as something that could never by any possibility have happened to any one in her class, and that would end it. If Philip were going to marry Miss Underwood—and Philip was mighty lucky to have the chance—it behooved him to tell his story warily so as not to prejudice Rachel against her future daughter-in-law. He started in again, with circumspection.

"I am writing you by the light of the fair silver moon. Does that make you think of the luny—I mean lunar—epistles I used to write you—the almanac-man alone remembers how many years ago! I wrote by moonlight then for romantic reasons—now for strategical—but that is a subject which can only be continued in my next, so please keep up your interest.

"I have seen Miss Underwood, and I wish to assure you in the first place that Philip has shown his usual good taste and discrimination by falling in love with her. She is a beautiful girl, and more. She has charm and sweetness and manner and dignity. I'll report any other qualities she may possess as I discover them. I should judge her to be somewhat older than Philip, but I am the last man in the world with a right to regard that as an obstacle.

"She has as yet given me no final answer in the matter which you commissioned me to lay before her, for the following reason:

"Her father, who is a physician, and who impresses me as a very original, attractive and honorable man, is at present under a curious shadow of popular distrust. There was a highway robbery here a short time ago, and the man robbed charges that Dr. Underwood was the robber. I am sure there is not the slightest ground for such a charge, but the people seem to have taken an attitude of distrust and suspicion toward both the doctor and his son, and you can understand Miss Underwood's natural feeling that until her father is vindicated as publicly as he has been assailed, she will not give any encouragement to Philip's suit. I have her word for it (and what is more, her radiant look for it), that this is all that keeps her from listening at this time. If you will tell Philip this, I am sure it will have the effect upon his spirits which we have both so anxiously desired. I have not the slightest doubt about the doctor's being cleared. He is a most delightful man, and his son——" Burton held his pen suspended. Henry did not lend himself to a phrase. There was something about him that ran off into the shadowy unknown. He ended his sentence lamely—"is something of a character.

"Of course I shall stay on at High Ridge and bend every energy to clearing up this matter without delay. It can hardly prove very difficult, though there are some curious and unusual features in the case.

"It is unnecessary for me to say that the thought that he is carrying out the wishes of his adored Rachel is the chief joy in life of her

"BLIGHTED BEING."

It was the way in which he had always signed his letters to her since her marriage. He wrote the words now with the cheerful unconsciousness of habit, and folded his letter for mailing. Then after a moment he rose and walked softly to the window. Putting the curtain aside, he stood for some time looking out across the lawn. His window looked not toward Rowan, but toward the side street, a hundred and fifty feet away. The moon was clear and high, and the black and white of its light and shadow made a scene that would have appealed to any lover of the picturesque. It would delight a poet or a philosopher, he thought, and that brought Henry Underwood again to his mind. He was a curious man—a man to give one pause. There was something of the poet and something of the philosopher in him, as witness his speeches in the garden, but there was something else, also. If the moodiness which was so obvious had manifested itself in the tricks that had defied the police and scandalized the family, it went near to the line of the abnormal. It would seem that the accusation was neither admitted nor proved, but the hotel clerk had referred to it, Selby had openly charged him with it, and the doctor evidently did not wish the matter discussed. Well, it had nothing to do with the present affair, unless—unless—Oh, of course, it had nothing to do with the present affair.

The figure of a man moving with a sort of stealthy swiftness among the shadows of the garden caught his eye, and instantly he was alert. The man crossed an open patch of moonlight and, with a curious feeling that it was what he had expected, Burton recognized Henry Underwood. He came directly toward the side of the house where the surgery was, and a moment later Burton heard the outer door of the back hall open and footsteps went past his closed door.

Burton pressed his electric light to look at his watch. It was past two o'clock. He turned back to the window with a feeling of irritation. Henry Underwood might be a poet and a philosopher, but he was also a fool, or he would not be wandering at two a. m. through a town that was already smouldering with suspicion of the Underwood family. It was, to say the least, imprudent. Burton wished he had not seen him. Probably his errand was entirely innocent and easily to be explained, but the human mind is a fertile field, and a seed of suspicion flourishes like the scriptural grain of mustard.

There was a red glow in the sky over the trees of the garden. Burton wondered if it could be the morning glow. He was speculating upon it idly when his ear caught the sound of returning footsteps in the back hall—though this time they were so soft that if he had not been alert for any sound he would hardly have noticed them. He drew aside from the window, hid himself in the shadow of the long curtain and waited. Unless the person in the hall entered this room, he had no right to question his movements.

The door was opened with noiseless swiftness, and a man stood for an instant in the opening. His head was bent forward and he carried a light in his hand—whether small lantern or shaded candle Burton did not have time to see, for almost at the instant of opening the door the light was quenched. Burton was certain that neither sound nor movement had betrayed his own presence, yet after that single moment of reconnoitering, the light went out and the door was shut sharply. Burton sprang toward it, stumbled over the armchair he had himself placed in the way, picked himself up and reached the door—only to look into the blank blackness of the back hall. There was a faint quiver of sound in the air, as though the outer house door had jarred with a sudden closing, and he ran down the hall; the door was unlocked and yielded at once to his touch; then he heard the clatter of feet on a board walk. It was as though someone, escaping, had waited to see if he would be pursued and then had fled on. Burton ran around to the rear of the house, thankful that the moonlight now made his way plain. There was a board walk running from the kitchen door to a high wall at the end of the lot, but the sound he had heard was momentary, not continuous, so, on the theory that the man had crossed the walk, not run down the hundred feet of it to the alley, he ran on to the east side of the house. There was no one to be seen, of course. Anyone familiar with the location could have hidden himself in any of a hundred shadows. The lot was filled with trees, and one large oak almost rested against the house. It reminded him of Henry's remark at dinner about getting down from the second story by the oak on the east side, and he glanced up. On the impulse of the moment he swung himself up into the branches. As he came level with the lit windows, Henry Underwood passed one of them, still fully dressed. He was so near that Burton was certain for a moment that he himself must have been discovered, and he waited a moment in suspense. But Henry had passed the window without looking out.

What Burton had expected to discover was perhaps not clear to his own mind. If he had analyzed the intuition he followed, he would have said that he was acting on the theory that Henry had looked into his room, and then, fleeing out of doors to throw him off the scent—by that side door to which he obviously carried a key, since he had let himself in that way shortly before—had regained his room by this school-boy stairway. The feeling had been strong upon him that he was close on the trail of some one fleeing. But if in fact it had been Henry, how could he challenge him, here in his own room? Clearly he was within his rights here,—a fact that was emphasized when, after a minute, he came to the window and pulled the curtain down.

Burton dropped to the ground and retraced his steps around the rear of the house. Here he saw that the board walk ran down to a gate,—the gate in the rear by which he had seen Mrs. Bussey talking in excited fashion to a man, earlier in the day. The gate opened at Burton's touch and he looked out into an empty alley. It was so obvious that this would have been the natural and easy way of escape that he could only blame himself for folly in chasing an uncertain sound of footsteps past the gate around to the east of the house.

He found his way back to the surgery a good deal humiliated. The mysterious intruder had been almost within reach of his arm, and had got away without leaving a trace, and all that was gained was that hereafter he would be more alert than ever, knowing himself watched. It was not a very creditable beginning. Burton threw himself down on the couch, and his annoyance did not prevent his dropping, after a time, into a sound sleep.

Therefore he did not see how that red glow on the sky above the trees deepened and made a bright hole in the night, long before the morning came to banish the darkness legitimately.

CHAPTER VI.

A Midnight Watch.

Half an hour later Burton returned—most unostentatiously. In fact, he made himself think of a beginning in burglary as he hugged the shadowy side of the street and sought the shelter of the trees in getting across the garden. If one were going to do this sort of thing, one might as well do it in proper style. The front door yielded noiselessly to his touch, illustrating the advantage of having an accomplice within, and he was safely inside. He bolted the door and made his way through the dimly lit hall to the surgery. The whole entry had occupied less than a minute. He was breathing quickly, but it was from excitement. It was years since he had been in any sort of an adventure. He felt like a college boy again.

The surgery was sufficiently lit by the diffused light of street-lamp and moon to enable him to see his way about. He had brought with him the electric pocket lamp which he carried with him when traveling, but he did not intend to use it unless necessary. His plan was to keep as quiet as possible and wait for the anticipated visitor. If the person who had had access to the room to "salt" it were at all curious about the result of the committee's visit, he ought, logically, to come at the earliest possible moment to investigate. Burton had planned to occupy the time by writing to Rachel, and he now pulled an armchair into

THE AIR AGE

SINCE the earliest childhood of the human race the dreams and longings of man have soared in the air. Out of the air the angels of his hope and faith have come to minister to his need. Into the unmeasured heights above the earth his spirit has looked for its abode of undying peace and happiness.

Man has built his spires of worship and his towers of pride up into the air. In the air he has imagined calm and purity and freedom. He has longed to fly, watching the tireless sailing and soaring of the vultures, the hawks and the feathered hunters that search the waves for their prey. He has envied the birds their unbounded, trackless, dustless, fluid highways.

Now, as never before, he is making these dreams come true. He sends through the air his unseen, marvelous messages. He talks through the air, at great distances, regardless of storms and clouds. Through the air he flies with the speed of swift birds. Into the air he climbs on his throbbing engine-wings, higher than any but a few of the greatest birds ever soar.

And now man is turning to the air for the enrichment of his fields, the increase of his crops, the greater abundance of his provision for his material wants.

In Norway nitrates are being obtained from the atmosphere by electricity generated by water power. The same thing has been done by what is known as the "Geneva process," developed in Switzerland. Experiments in this field have been carried on with encouraging results, at Niagara Falls. Another American venture in the same field is being made in the South. A company in Charlotte, N. C., is preparing to go into the manufacture of nitrates on a large scale. The first plant is expected to use 4,000 horsepower. It is to be devoted largely to experiments. The second plant will be of 24,000 horsepower, according to the company's plans, and it is intended to make nitrates in very large bulk.

There are possibilities in this field of industrial and scientific progress which cannot be foretold. It may open the door to a wealth of food production, a profusion of vegetable supplies for human needs, which will go far toward making the struggle for existence easy and freeing life from its heaviest burdens.

Nitrogen is the element in plant food which is most quickly exhausted by the long-continued cropping of land. To prevent the lack of nitrates from destroying the fertility of the soil fertilizers of many kinds are used in vast quantities, where agriculture is advanced beyond the most rudimentary stages. Such replenishing of the nitrogen stores in the earth is the most vital difference between agriculture which conserves and even enriches and that which exhausts and impoverishes.

Fertilizers in the ordinary commercial forms become scarcer and dearer. Year by year the world is more conscious of its need of new sources of nitrogen for the enrichment of lands worn by growing many crops. It has searched the islands of the seas for guano and pulverized the rocks which consist, in part, of the bones of prehistoric fishes. Far and wide, the great sources of supply for fertilizers have been drawn upon to meet the evergrowing demand from many countries. It has become a question of the utmost importance whether the old fields of populous lands could be fed much longer with the nitrates absolutely vital to their fertility.

Now the air offers boundless stores of this element of plant life. It promises more than any other source of enrichment for worn soil. It affords the best promise which the world has yet known of abundant food for vegetable growth, running on and on endlessly, into the teeming generations and centuries to come.

This is one of the gifts of science which the next decade may see fully utilized. It is one of the most interesting of the many phases of scientific and industrial progress in the United States and in the world.

POSSIBILITIES OF AIRSHIPS FROM MILITARY STANDPOINT

THE possibilities and limitations of the aeroplane from the military standpoint are exhaustively treated in the Kriegs-technische Zeitschrift, the writer, though anonymous, being an officer in the German army. He includes a list of conditions which must be fulfilled by a military flying machine before it will become of any real service to the soldier in war time. These are:

1. It must be absolutely safe in flight and its mechanism trustworthy. Two motors will be required, so that if one should fail the other will be ready for use. To maintain equilibrium it should be provided with a pendulum or gyroscope. Regnard has devised a capable gyroscope ten centimeters (about 3.9 inches) in diameter, revolving 10,000 times a minute.

2. Its control must be perfect, enabling it to avoid the enemy's bullets by rising or turning quickly.

3. It must carry at least two men—a pilot and an officer to take observations—fuel, a rapid-fire gun and ammunition, tools, and repair parts.

4. It must be able to fly from 25 to 40 miles an hour, to be serviceable in a wind of 40 feet a second, (27⅓ miles an hour,) and to remain in air at least 2½ hours in a moderate wind, giving it a radius of about 60 miles.

5. It must be able to rise to at least 3,300 feet; 1,500 feet will be necessary to avoid ordinary terrestrial gunfire, and 3,300 to escape fire from special artillery.

6. It must be able to start from any spot by itself and to land with positive safety.

7. The aeroplane also must have a seat for the observing officer so placed that he may observe and assume control of the machine at a moment's notice. Also it must be possible to build it entirely of domestic material.

In a resume of the article in the scientific American Supplement the translator says that the chief usefulness of the flying machine in war will be for scouting. It is suggested that until the enemy actually is sighted the aeroplane be towed or carried by an aerial cruiser in such a way that it is ready for instant flight, and so attached that the act of starting it will free it from the mother ship, the downward glide serving to provide time to start the motor. He continues:

Use Aeroplane as a Courier.

"As soon as the first important observations of the enemy have been made the aeroplane is dispatched to headquarters, the airship remaining to make further study. The airship is to be used only if the enemy is at a great distance, and then chiefly by large bodies of troops. Small bodies must rely wholly on the flying machine because it is more easily transported.

"Such a flying machine can soar in advance and reach an enemy distant not more than 30 miles. From a height of 1,500 feet the pilot commands an excellent view of the hostile troops. He will be able, therefore, to perform his work much more quietly and thoroughly than a company of cavalry.

"Although experiments have been made to communicate from an airship with a central military station by wireless telegraphy it is doubtful if wireless telegraphy can be counted upon for many years to come. The aeroplane travels at such a high rate of speed that in three-quarters of an hour it should be able to return with full information.

"During a battle the aeroplane should be able to perform valuable services in both defense and attack. The position of the enemy's troops and their every movement will be to the aerial scout as an open book. Nothing will escape his eye."

But the need of a special training in this respect is shown by tests made recently in France, when, the writer said, two dirigibles charged with the task of finding the location of a masked battery flew over it within 700 feet without discovering it. The writer continues:

"The aeroplane can approach the enemy nearer than the airship because its speed is higher and because it is not so liable to be brought down by gunfire. The Austrian, Capt. Schimpflug, succeeded in taking serviceable photographs from a dirigible. From this it may be inferred that photographs can easily be taken from an aeroplane.

"It cannot be denied that such reconnoitring is difficult and extremely dangerous. The aerial scout will be exposed not only to the massed fire of infantry and machine guns as well as to the fire of high grade aerial field pieces, but also to attack by the enemy's aircraft. Thus aerial scouts are in much the same position as naval scouts. If not driven off by the enemy they must be able to persist in their course despite opposition.

"The speedier flying machine can avoid its opponent by darting off and fighting at its own range or by retreating. Battle of some kind must be waged. But how? Ramming is out of the question, for it means the destruction of both machines. They must disable each other by ordnance of some kind. Field pieces even of the smallest calibre would burden the flying machine far too much. Revolvers, pistols, and hand grenades can hardly be considered because their range is too small. To hit a moving object from a moving platform with a single firearm is hopeless.

"The solution is to be found in the machine gun, which, because of the rapidity of its fire and the stream-like character of its discharge, promises to have the desired effect. It is therefore necessary to devise some light machine gun which the aeroplane can carry without hampering its flight or efficiency.

Can Carry Little Ammunition.

"The throwing down of explosives is even less practical from an aeroplane than from an airship. A flying machine must hover above the ground not less than 1,500 feet. The probability of hitting a target on the ground from that height is very slight. Furtherfore, the size and quality of explosives are necessarily limited. Much ammunition will make flying utterly impossible. Hence, only small hand grenades can be carried.

"At Los Angeles the experiment was made of throwing objects from aeroplanes at a target seven metres (22.75 feet) square. Paulhan steered the machine, and Lieut. Beck threw the projectiles. In innumerable attempts Beck succeeded in hitting the target just once. The conclusion must necessarily be drawn that if explosives are to be thrown from a flying machine, some form of directing device is necessary. Much investigation will have to be done before the proper kind of projecting tube is devised.

"It will be another function of the flying machine to convey officers quickly from one point to another. If wind conditions are not unfavorable, flying machines are to be preferred for this purpose to motor cars, since they are independent of roads, and are able to fly even over hostile troops, if necessary. Moreover, they will not add to the difficulties of army transport by clogging the roads.

"For the conveying of hasty orders to the rear guard of an army corps and dispatching a command to bring up immediate reinforcements, the flying machine is admirably adapted, because of its great velocity, and also because it can oversee the entire country and immediately pick out the position of the reinforcements sought."

The Sky Pirate.

By CARRETT P SERVISS

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CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued.)

If the bushes had approached closer to the rocks, affording them cover for an advance, I could have done little; but in that respect we were favored. The open ground around us was sufficiently broad to require several minutes for a runner to cross it. My task was to keep a sharp watch on all sides and prevent an approach.

I ran round the parapet, as I may call it, peering out in every direction. Miss Grayman, comprehending what I was about, and seeing my difficulty, offered to aid me. I refused at first, fearing to expose her to a shot, but she eagerly insisted, and I let her take the northern side, instructing her to peep through the interstices in the broken rocks, but not to show even her head.

But, as I had feared, she was incautious, and presently a shot came from the northeast side and spattered on the rock close by her head. She screamed and dropped through fright, and I sprang to her side, with a terrible fear that she had been hit. She was all right, however, and I pulled her to the center of the inclosure and sprang back to my watch.

I heard Payton sing out to his men to fire no more, and I concluded that he would wait for reinforcement before attacking.

After a while the Chameleon came down in the brush close to the point where our parachute lay. Payton disappeared and another man took his place. The way in which they exposed themselves in surrounding the rocks convinced me that Payton knew very well that I had no other weapon than a pistol.

I now told Miss Grayman to renew her watch, being extremely careful not to expose the least part of her person, and to give me warning if any one tried to approach the rocks from her side. I did not know at what moment the rush might come.

There were two circumstances that dwelt in my thoughts—one a cause of hope, the other anxiety.

There were yet several hours of daylight, and if I could stand Payton off long enough I felt confident that our friends on the Osprey would manage to ground her, if they could not reverse her course, and would come to our rescue. I counted a great deal on the sagacity of Mr. Grantham and the experience and devotion of Ethan Haight.

On the other hand, we were without provisions and water. I felt the more sure that Payton would make a rush because he must understand that aid would reach us before long, and I was puzzled at his delay after the arrival of his two men from the Chameleon.

But presently I discovered the reason, and felt my face turn pale.

Out of the brush where the Chameleon lay a kite began to rise!

The wind was in such a direction as to carry it directly over us. I knew instantly what it meant, and it made my heart sink. Without explaining my motives, for they had not seen the kite, I immediately led the two girls into a corner of the rocks, where a ledge projected so as to make a kind of roof, while in front of the bears' den thus formed another ledge rose, leaving only an irregular, narrow opening. I hurried them in here, saying:

"I think they are going to fire a shell at us, but in here you will be perfectly safe," and I turned to leave them.

"But you!" exclaimed Miss Grayman, detaining me, with an expression of concern that thrilled me, "you must not expose yourself while we are covered!"

"I'll look out for cover," I returned, "but I must first make sure what they are about."

I knew well enough what they were about. It was evident to me now that the Chameleon carried the dropping bombs that were used in war, and that Payton was going to drop one of these missiles upon us with the aid of the kite—another military device which at that time had come into use as an auxiliary in such cases.

If the top of the rocks had been as exposed as he naturally concluded it to be, his cunning would have had its reward and we should have been blown to bits; or, at the very least, put hors du combat so that he could safely rush the stronghold.

I watched the manipulation of the kite with the keenest anxiety, hoping that some accident would come to it. But Payton was skillful, and in a few minutes he had it poised exactly over the top of the rocks. I was familiar with such tactics.

I could see the round black bomb depending from it, and the string that controlled its descent, the pulling of which would cause it to fall. In my desperation, I took a quick aim with my pistol and fired, for the thing was not a hundred feet above us, hoping to cause an explosion in the air. But, of course, I missed, and an instant afterward I saw the string jerked and the fearful missile began its descent.

I ran and dodged into a sloping crevice at the side of the enclosure.

In two or three seconds the explosion occurred. The effects were fearful. It shook the whole rocky eminence, sent fragments flying in every direction, and ground the rock where the bomb struck to powder. I felt an excruciating pain in my left ankle which had been left exposed, but I was out of my hiding place in a moment, limping to a peephole.

At the same moment, Miss Grayman appeared, ashy pale and trembling.

All now happened as I had expected. Payton, seeing that he had hit the exact spot aimed at, shouted to his men, and came running forward. Another man ran to his side.

"Quick! to your lookout!" I called to Miss Grayman. "But, for God's sake, don't show yourself!"

At the same time I got ready for Payton. I meant to make sure of him now! Hardly a second had elapsed when Miss Grayman said, in a frightened voice:

"Three men are coming on a run!"

"I'll take care of them," I replied. "Keep yourself under cover."

It was Payton that I wanted. He being disposed of, I felt, in my exultation, equal to dealing with the others. The pirate and his companions carried their guns at a trail, and ran with the speed of deer.

Presently he was within 25 yards. I could not be mistaken in him—a broad-breasted mark, making straight for my pistol, leveled through a triangular crevice. I felt that I could not miss him, and growling through my clenched teeth, "I've got you now!" I fired.

But at that very instant Payton's foot caught and down he fell, my bullet singing over him. His wits worked like lightning. He had heard the shot, and instead of rising he rolled into a depression.

I knew I had not hit him, but I could not see him where he lay.

The other man came on at full speed, bringing his rifle to his shoulder as he began to ascend the rocks. I shot him down as I would a mad dog.

Cursing the mischance that had made me miss Payton, but not daring to wait longer for a second opportunity, I dashed to Miss Grayman's side just in time to see the three men clambering up the lower rocks. Having them at a disadvantage, when the difficult climbing prevented them from handling their weapons, I leaped upon the rim and fired pointblank at the nearest, who went down in a heap.

Then I sent a shot a each of the others, but with what effect I could not tell.

Both instantly disappeared, and I darted back again, fearing that Payton had recovered his feet and was advancing. But I could see no trace of him.

For a moment I debated whether, after all, I might not have hit him. But no; I had seen too clearly the cause of his fall.

I was tempted to run down to the place where he had dropped, but was restrained by uncertainty as to what had become of the other two men. When I returned to Miss Grayman, she said that she had not seen them.

Our peril was as great as ever—perhaps greater, for the enemy was hidden.

What was to happen next? What were they planning now?

CHAPTER XIX.

The Tables Turned Again.

Now, the double disappearance began to trouble me. At last I could endure the uncertainty no longer, and clambering down the northern face of the rocks, I found the man I had shot there dead, but no trace of the others. They

FLYING MACHINE FINANCES

EXHIBITIONS high in the air are always sure to have many spectators who do not pay. It is impossible to fence in skyrockets, and aeroplane altitude contests do not amount to much unless the "birdmen" climb far above any walls which may enclose the field from which they rise.

This is one reason why the greatest and most successful aviation meetings have been dubious affairs, from the point of the men who finance them. If only direct receipts were considered there would not be anything doubtful about them. Then they would be flat failures, in respect to income and expenses.

But the business side of such exhibitions is not so simple a matter that it can be thus disposed of by a comparison of gate receipts and the costs of aviation meetings. Great crowds are drawn to the cities where the exhibitions are given, and the profits of transportation lines, hotels, restaurants, etc., may more than offset the losses of the managers of aeroplane contests.

On the face of the returns, as the politicians say, the business of giving big aviation meetings will have to be changed in some vital particulars if it is to be sound and successful. The average deficit is too formidable to be faced with no other assurance of relief than such sums as can be collected from persons benefited by these exhibitions.

The international aviation meeting held not long ago at Lanark, Scotland, took place under excellent weather conditions, and it aroused great interest. More than 200,000 persons paid admission to the grounds, and everything seemed to be going well, but there was a loss, nevertheless, of about $40,000 when the accounts were balanced. The meeting had cost altogether too much to give the promoters a profit.

Other notable aviation exhibitions in Europe have fared even worse, financially. One held at Bournemouth this year resulted in a net loss of $50,000, and another, at Blackpool, ended with a deficit of about $75,000. At Rheims, France, the loss was $100,000, and at Nice it reached the great sum of $110,000.

Yet the aviators have not made large profits in compensation for their risks. Often they lose money, except as to a few frequent prize-winners. The champions get fortunes, while other "birdmen" hardly know where they can obtain the most ordinary living expenses.

It seems that the flying machine exhibition business—the managers' part of it—must be radically altered. They will find if necessary to give smaller prizes, and then keep them better distributed than they have been.

There will have to be more chances for the beaten contestants in the big aviation meetings to pick up money enough, at least, to pay them for their time and offset their outlay in the struggle for the great prizes. It is equally imperative that there shall be such reduction in expenses as will enable the managers and organizers of such meetings to come out even or make a profit.

The popular interest aroused and the scientific phases of aviation have kept up a losing business, as far as the backers of flying machine meetings are concerned. They have overestimated their prospective income because they have too liberally translated applause into gate receipts.

After awhile, the aviation business will be like other big sporting enterprises. It will not give any man a fortune for a few hours' work and risk, but more contestants will be paid for their trouble and their brave struggle for the big prizes offered. There will be a great saving in expenses, and the races and other exhibitions may be even better patronized than they are now.

Such a change must come soon, or there will be an end of aeroplane meetings. Men will not go on indefinitely sinking money and financing losses. The birdmen come too high, interesting though they are, when they leave deficits for the managers of aeroplane exhibitions to settle. Exhibitions given under the auspices of a public commission or other body which is not always seeking returns on the money it handles are on a very different basis.

"Spy!

"Go back, spy, or you'll be sorry."

In spite of nerves that were ordinarily steady enough, Burton felt a thrill of something like dismay. An unfriendly presence had bent over him while he slept, left this message of sinister import, and vanished as he had vanished into the night when pursued. The thought that he had lain helpless under the scrutiny of this soft-footed, invisible enemy was more disturbing than the threat itself. It gave him a sensation of repulsion that made him understand Miss Underwood's feeling. The situation was not merely bizarre. It was intolerable.

He examined the slip of paper carefully. It was long and narrow and soft, — such a strip as might have been torn from the margin of a newspaper. The writing was with a very soft, blunt pencil. A pencil such as he had seen carpenters use in marking boards might have made those heavy lines. The hand was evidently disguised and not very skilfully, for while occasional strokes were laboriously unsteady, others were rapid and firm.

He folded the paper and put it carefully away in his pocketbook. If this were Henry's work, he undoubtedly was also the author of the anonymous typewritten notices which had been circulated in the town. Why was the message written this time instead of typewritten? A typewriter in the corner of the room caught his eye, as though in answer to his question. With a swift ssupicion in his mind, he sat down before it and wrote a few lines. Upon comparing these with the typewritten slip which the doctor had shown him the evening before, and which still lay on the mantel, it was perfectly clear that they had both been produced by the same machine. Some one who had easy and unquestioned access to this room used the doctor's typewriter to tick off insinuations against its owner! It seemed like substantial proof of Henry's guilt. Who else could use this room without exciting comment? The audacity of the scheme was hardly more surprising than its simple-mindedness. Burton crushed his sheet in his hand and tossed it into the wastbasket with a feeling of contempt.

While he made a camp toilet he wondered why he had let himself in for all this. He had acted on a foolish impulse. There were rolly depths in the matter which it would probably be better not to stir up, and it must now be his immediate care to get out of the whole connection as soon as possible. He had no desire to play detective against Miss Underwood's brother. Thank heaven that her acceptance of his tender for Philip had been so conditioned! He would withdraw while the matter was still nebulous.

There came a tap at the door aid Mrs. Busseyy entered.

"Breakfast's ready," she announced. Then she watied a moment and added in a shamefaced undertone that betrayed the unfamiliarity of the message, "Miss Underwood's compliments!" and vanished in obvious embarrassment.

Burton had to laugh at that, and with more cheerfulness than he would have thought possible he found his way to thet breakfast room. Miss Underwood herself smiled a welcome at him from the head of the table.

"You are to breakfest tete-a-tete with me," she said, answering his unconscious look of inquiry. "Mother always breakfasts in her room, and poor father will have to do the same this morning. Henry has been gardening for hours. So you have only myself left!"

"I can imagine worse fates," said Burton. And then, with a curiosity about Henry which was none the less keen because he did not intend to make it public, he asked: "Is your brother an enthusiastic gardener?"

"It is the only thing he cares about, but it would be stretching the word to call him enthusiastic, I'm afraid. Poor Henry!"

"Why?"

"I mean because of Ben Bussey."

"Oh, yes."

"It has made him so moody and strange. You seee, he has had Ben before him all his life as an object lesson on the effects of temper, and mother has rather pointed the moral. She thinks that all troubles are the punishment of some wrongdoing, and she has had a good deal of influence with Henry always. It has made him resentful toward every one."

"It's unfortunate. Wouldn't it be better to send Ben away?"

"Father hoyed to cure him, so he kept him here. Besides, he couldn't afford to keep him anywhere else, I'm afraid. It would be expensive to send him to a hospital—and father can do everything for him that anyone could. No one realizes as I do how father has worried over the whole unhappy situation. He has tried everything for Ben—even to electricity. And that made trouble, too!"

"Why? Did Ben object?"

"No, but his mother did. I think the popular prejudice against father on all sides is largely the effect of Mrs. Bussey's talking. She is an ignorant woman, as you can see."

"What is Ben's attitude? Is he resentful?"

"Not at all. He is a quiet, sensible fellow, who takes things philosophically. He knows it was all an accident, of course. And he knows that father has done everything possible, besides taking on himself the support of both Ben and his mother for life."

"That is more than mere justice."

"Oh, father is like that. Besides, they would be helpless. Ben's father was a roaming character who lived for years among the Indians. He hasn't been heard of for years, and no one knows whether he is dead or alive. He had practically deserted them before Ben's accident. So father felt responsible for them, because of Henry."

"I see," said Burton thoughtfully.

"I withdraw that word. It is always wise to meet things with courage."

She walked on in silence a few moments.

"But they can't connect father with this, can they?" she asked earnestly.

"Of course not," he said,—and wished they need prepare to face no more serious attack than one on the doctor.

There was a small crowd about the smoking ruins of what had been a sprawling frame dwelling-house. A couple of firemen were still on the grounds, and uncounted boys were shouting with excitement and running about with superfluous activity. The nucleus of the crowd seemed to be an excited and crying woman, and Miss Underwood pressed toward this point. A large man, pompous even at this early morning hour, whose back was toward them as they approached, was talking.

"I have no doubt you are right, ma'am. I heard him say myself that fire would come down and burn them because they threw stones at him. It is an outrage that such a man should be loose in the community. We are none of us safe in our beds."

It was Hadley. Some exclamation made him turn at that moment and he saw Leslie Underwood, and suddenly fell silent. But the woman to whom he had been talking did not fall silent. Instead, she rushed up to Leslie and screamed at her, between angry sobs:

(To Be Continued.)

Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription —which saves the *suffering sex from pain*, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and *stubborn ills*.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL.

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

had evidently got clean away.

The fact that I was not disturbed in this reconnoissance encouraged me to try another on the southern side.

I crept cautiously down to the spot where Payton had fallen, found the depression into which he had rolled and saw that it was the dry bed of a brook, by following which he could have crawled away to the brush unnoticed, but such an act was so contrary to all that I had heard of his audacious and indomitable character that I was worried more than ever.

I believed that he was plotting some more cunning scheme. Indeed, since he now had only two men left, and they possibly wounded, he would hardly undertake another storming.

Was he preparing a second bomb, or had he some other resource of which I knew nothing?

I climbed painfully up the rocks again, for now my ankle, the injury to which I had forgotten in the excitement of the defense, began to trouble me.

As I dropped upon a stone in the middle of the enclosure, Miss Grayman first noticed that I had been hurt. She turned pale, and again showed a concern on my account that I could not attribute solely to the fear that she might be deprived of her only defender. She insisted that I should take off my shoe and stocking, and calling Susan, who had recovered from her shock, aided me with the utmost tenderness to bind up a deep cut, made by a fragment of the bomb, or of rock.

When she had finished she said to me, with a pleading look: "Please, Lieutenant Allan, don't expose yourself as you have been doing. I was in agony when I saw you venturing down the rocks! What should we do—what should I do—if you were seriously hurt, or killed?"

Then she covered her eyes and I saw tears trickling down her hands. I would not have changed places with the President of the United States! I felt proud, gratified, heroic, romantic, brave as a lion, capable as a general, ready to do anything and everything to serve her who had shown this interest in me.

In short, I knew now that I was in love to the tops of my ears, and I felt that I might hope for a response to this mighty affection which was overmasthaste to our rampart.

Miss Grayman immediately joined me in looking out, taking her place on the northern side. We watched and watched, but not a living thing did we see except a few birds and some small animals dodging about among the rocks. Thus the afternoon passed and the sun sank low in the northwest.

We suffered from a lack of water more than from that of food, and I resolved that as soon as it grew dark enough I would creep down to the edge of the brush, where I had noticed a small stream, and fill my helmet with water. But I did not tell Miss Grayman of my design, feeling that she would oppose it. Her suffering, however, was so painfully evident that I would have ventured anything in order to relieve her.

By this time, although I could hardly credit so gratifying a suggestion, I began to think that Payton had stolen away, in despair of being able to capture, or kill us, and fearful of the arrival of our friends. Otherwise, I could hardly account for the entire absence of any sign of his continued presence in the neighborhood.

"He cannot hope now to get the ransom," I argued, "and why, then, should he further risk his life and liberty?"

As I continued to ruminate upon this, I became so convinced that I had hit upon the real explanation of the cessation of his efforts that I spoke about it to Miss Grayman, and told her of my plan for getting water.

At first she vigorously opposed me, but I presented the matter so clearly that finally she gave in to my opinion.

The time seemed endless before the the day became sufficiently dark to render my attempt safe against possible detection. I was the more determined to carry it out because I did not think that our friends could find us in the night. But, although feeling almost sure that Payton had decamped, I took every precaution.

I crawled down the rocks, keeping in the darkest places, and then wound my way over the open ground until I reached the place where Payton took his tumble. From this, I followed the dry rivulet, already spoken of, until I attained the brush. This rivulet was a tributary of a larger stream which ran over a pebbly bottom, the cold water collecting in little pools. I took a long drink and filled my helmet.

Although more and more convinced that I had nothing to fear from lurking enemies, I did not relax my caution, thinking of the stake I had in the security of Miss Grayman, and once more I got down on my knees to cross the open space.

I had not progressed more than a dozen yards from the edge of the brush when a scream broke the stillness. It came from the summit of the rocks!

My pulse stopped beating, but instantaneously I sprang to my feet, droped my helmet, drew my pistol, and, shouting I knew not what, ran with all my speed toward the rocks. I heard another scream, muffled and cut short, and madly, as I ran, without aim or object, I fired my pistol three or four times.

"Helen! Helen!" I shouted.

There was no reply—of course. I could hear a scrambling, however, on the other side of the huge pile, and it occurred to me that I could make swifter progress by skirting the steep rocks. Accordingly, I ran around them, but when I arrived on the opposite side there was not a sound, or a moving thing in sight.

I had in my pocket a small electric lamp, of my own contrivance, which I always carried, and which had a mirror throwing a bright shaft of light to a considerable distance. I now brought this into requisition, and with it carefully swept round on all sides.

Nothing was to be seen except the rocks, the ground, and the distant brush.

"They may still be on the summit," I thought, and hastily I began to mount. I had made but a few upward steps when an arm stole swiftly and silently round my neck, and in an instant I was throttled in the grasp of a man whose strength, combined with the advantage of his position, made my struggles unavailing.

A knee was pressed remorselessly against the small of my back, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was lying prone on the rocks, rendered powerless by the cruel pressure on my throat and back.

I had always been something of an athlete, but I could do nothing now. My pistol had fallen from my hand, but I could not have used it if I had had it.

In another minute my arms were pinioned behind, and then my captor, without a word, rolled me face upward, and by the light of the fallen lamp I saw that he was an Indian.

A savage grin overspread his features.

"Wah!" he said. "Much bear hug! Don't like him huh? Come! Must go, quick!"

He jerked me to my feet and pulled me down to the level ground. Then, still grapsing the bonds about my arms, he began to drag me toward the brush.

At first I thought of throwing myself on the ground to prevent him from making off with me, but then the thought came that by following him I should the soner find Miss Grayman. So I offered no resistance, and we rapidly covered the distance to the brush on the northern side.

The Indian had picked up my lamp and my pistol. The latter he thrust into his belt the former he kept in his hand. He semed sufficiently familiar with its use, and employed it to light the way.

"White man's eye," he said. "Good to see in night."

As we entered the bushes, he uttered a whoop, which was immediately answered by a shout, and in a few minutes we passed into a small open space where, without the aid of the lamp, there was twilight enough to have enabled me to recognize the form of a woman and two men.

I heard the words: "Oh, my God! he is taken!" in the voice of Miss Gray, and she moved quickly toward me, but a hand arrested her, and a man's voice, singularly sweet and thrilling with its strange, sympathetic quality, which believed the irony of its words, said: "Ah! Another little romance, Miss Grayman. Your suitors pursue you even in the wilderness. But we will have no other scenes here, if you please. John," he continued, addressing the Indian, "hand me that lamp."

The Indian handed it over, and Payton turned off the light.

"We want none of that here, either," he said.

Then he approached me so near that I could make out his features in the dim light.

"You are Lieutenant Allan," he said. "It may comfort your heart, lieutenant, which will not enjoy many more thrills in this world, to hear that I have learned your name from the lips of the dear girl for whom you have sold your life. Allow me to congratulate you, by the way, on your excellent plan of campaign, and on your ability in grand tactics as well as stratagetics.

"I confess," he continued, "that I do not comprehend how you found us at the lodge, but it is no matter. No man ever had the better of Alfonso Payton for long, and all who have ever tried conclusions with him have ended the same way."

During this speech, uttered with pitiless sarcasm, but in a perfectly cool, even voice, I saw Miss Grayman convulsively cover her face with her hands, and heard her sob.

The sight and the sound gave me, for the moment, the strength and fury of a demon. The Indian had let go of me to hand the lamp to Payton, but the other man had taken his place. I threw this man off with a sudden lunge, and then dashed at Payton with lowered head.

I had been a football player in my student days, and I knew how to break the line. But Payton was as quick as I. He stepped aside, and I found myself plunged head first into the brush on the other side of the little opening.

Not having the use of my hands, I fell on my face, and instantly Payton and the Indian were on my back. I struggled madly, but it was all in vain. In a few minutes I was rendered helpless by cords bound about my arms and legs.

"Take him up," commanded Payton, still in a cool voice, although he was panting a little from the exertion.

The Indian and the other man seized me by the shoulders and feet and began to carry me.

"It is too near the rocks to finish him," said Payton. "They make too good a landmark. Carry him along, and when we reach a good place, we will put him where we put Mr. Green, who was so unreasonable not long ago."

I still struggled desperately, jerking my bearers wildly about in the brush, which we had immediately re-entered, for yet I heard Miss Grayman's sobs and they drove me mad, but in a little while I was so exhausted that I could do no more.

After I had become quiet, through necessity, Miss Grayman, who was close ahead of us, and directly behind Payton who led the way, held back a little and said to me in tones that went to my inmost heart: "Lieutenant Allan—John—if you die, I shall die, too. Oh I could never live!"

I knew what such words, uttered in such a presence, must have cost her, and I blessed her with all my soul. The poor, poor girl! What a terrible situation for such a confession to be forced from her lips! But she felt that it might be the only opportunity that she would ever have to utter the feelings of her heart, and I had made plain enough to her where my heart was.

"Helen," I replied, "God bless you forever for speaking to me like that.

In an exasperatingly cool voice Payton, without apparently turning his head, broke in: "Don't flatter yourself, Lieutenant Allan, with any imaginary favors from your gods. You can cry to them from the ground, but they are done with you. Don't flatter yourself. But do not think of dying. I am not dead yet, and——"

either, that Helen will prove so heroic as to hurt herself on your account. She'll forget you soon enough. That is the way with women. Why, it's only a little while since she was as cheerful as a lark in my company."

Oh, Heaven! Heaven! What frenzy! What delirium of fury was this for me! With insensate struggles I tried again to get at the demon, until the Indian struck me a blow upon the head that dazed me.

But Miss Grayman avenged herself, not as she should have been avenged, but like an insulted and infuriated and desperate woman. She sprang to Payton's side, and with all her force smote him upon the mouth. Even in the darkness, she could see the wild flash that shot into his eyes; but if he raised his hand, it was instantly lowered again and he did not touch her.

Twice again, with all her woman's strength, she struck him full in the face. Then, like a woman, too, she staggered and fell in a swoon.

CHAPTER XX.

Escape From Terrible Death.

The dramatic episode which ended with the fainting of Miss Grayman, of course, called a halt. I inwardly raged at not being able to go to her assistance, and equally at seeing Payton kneel at her side, opening my lamp and throwing its light upon her colorless face.

He took a flask from his pocket and pressed it to her lips. In a few minutes she opened her eyes and stared around. Then her look fell upon me and she smiled.

How my heart bounded! And again I struggled vainly to reach her, but she put up her hand, smiling once more, and motioned he to be quiet. Love her! Heaven knows, how I loved her!

"I could die happy," I thought, "if only I could rescue her from that devil!"

Then, for the first time, the absence of the maid Susan, and of the third man, impressed itself upon my mind.

As to the man, I hoped that, after all, I had killed him, but the fact that Susan had been left behind give me a gleam of hope. If only our friends could find her—which was not improbable, considering that the rocks were the sole landmark near the place where we descended—and if she had recovered in time to see me carried off and had had sense enough to note the direction, she might be of invaluable aid in putting them quickly on the right track.

How I did pray that they had come and that they would follow us!

In five minutes, perhaps, Miss Graymad had fully recovered and Payton immediately directed an advance. I longed to tell her to pretend to faint again, or in some way manage to delay our departure, but of course I dared not speak. I noticed that Payton always chose the driest ground, and the most open places in the bursh, in order, evidently, to leaves as few indications as posible of a trail, and occasionally replaced branches that had been broken or crushed aside.

This gave me the idea of struggling whenever I had the strength, in order to leave ineffaceable marks of our passage. But I had not long essayed these tactics before the Indian, either comprehending my purpose, or weary of the extra labor that I imposed upon him, without a word, gave me another blow upon the head with the butt, I believe, of my own pistol, which left me senseless.

It must have been a considerable time that I hung limp in the hands of my bearers. When, at last, a opened my eyes and stared about I was lying on the ground.

There was a light from my lamp, which Payton held in his hand, directing its rays upon the ground a short distance away. We were surrounded by a tangled growth of small trees and bushes and the smell of a swamp was in the air. Besides me on the moist ground, knelt Miss Grayman, tears shining on her cheeks, while her hand rested, as in benediction, upon my brow.

I could see that her lips were moving silently. Opposite to her, in the shadow, appeared the motionless form of an Indian, guarding us.

As my eyes opened, she gave a little cry, and leaning over, pressed her lips to my forehead. I struggled to raise my head, and to touch her with my bound hands. She gently stroked my face, and then burst into uncontrollable weeping.

The Indian looked at her with indifference, and Payton paid no attention.

Then I noticed the sound of digging in the wet, sticky soil. I twisted my head toward the spot where the full illumination of the lamp fell, and saw the man who had helped the Indian to carry me turning up the dripping mud with a broad, saber-like bayonet. The terrible truth burst upon me!

They were going to bury me in the swamp.

In the awful flood of emotions that rolled over me, one thought, one resistless longing, rode upon the surface. I turned my face toward Miss Grayman, and spoke her name.

Instantly she tried to dry her tears and to suppress her sobs. Our eyes met, and reading the wish that was in my heart, she put her face close to mine. "John, dear John," she faltered, with infinite tenderness.

Then our lips met.

God! What a betrothal!

Immediately she fell to sobbing again, but the soft pressure of her hand remained upon my forehead, and comforted me, even in that dreadful moment.

Presently, Payton, still holding the light for the gravedigger, spoke impatiently, and no longer with the intonation that had characterized his speech, even when uttering the bitterest sarcasms.

"Hurry up," he said. "You are too slow. We must cover the dog and be off."

The man redoubled his efforts, and the glairy clay squeaked and sucked as his bayonet tore it up.

In a few minutes Payton spoke again:

"That'll do. Now throw him in."

The man approached me and the Indian rose from his heels.

"Why! He's come to," the man exclaimed.

"No matter," said Payton. "Do as I tell you."

Both stopped to lift me. But before they could raise me from the ground, Helen had thrown herself at Payton's feet. "God in Heaven!" she cried, "Commodore Brown! Can you do such a thing? They say that you are Alfonso Payton, the pirate, and that you have no mercy. But I know, for you have proved it to me, that you have the instincts and the education of a gentleman. Whatever your crimes may have been, it is impossible that you should do this! It is too abominable, unspeakable, unchivalorus! Oh! in God's name, in your mother's name, do not permit this awful act!"

For a moment weakness overcame her, and she sobbed, bending down over her knees. Then, flinging off her tears, she seized his hand. "If money will save him," she cried, "you shall have it! I swear to you that I will implore, I will compel, my father to give you any sum you may name. He will listen to me; he never refuses me. Only let him go. Leave him here in the wilderness, if you will, and I promise to remain your prisoner until the ransom is paid!"

There was such tremendous passion and eloquence in the girl's voice and words that my heart swelled ready to burst. Even the Indian seemed moved, and the white man brushed his rough cheeks with his hand.

(To be continued.)

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

COFFEE WAS IT

People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been such a slave to coffee that the very aroma of it was enough to set my nerves quivering. I kept gradually losing my health but I used to say 'nonsense, it don't hurt me.'

"Slowly I was forced to admit the truth and the final result was that my whole nervous force was shattered.

"My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again.

"I was in despair, for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times, nauseated me. I thought of Postum but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee.

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind the change at all?

"Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew sound and steady, I slept well and felt strong and well-balanced all the time.

"Now I am completely cured, with the old nervousness and sickness all gone. In every way I am well once more."

It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Is there a reader of the Farmstead column who can give me a formula for dyeing broomcorn a light green?—S., Lewisburg, Pa.

Please tell me about alfalfa. Is it adapted to the climate of northwestern Indiana? If so, where should the seed be sown? Will it grow on sandy land? How much seed should be sowed to the acre? What time of year should it be sown? Is it better to sow alone or with some small grain as oats, rye, or wheat, and which is the best?—M., Mt. Ayr, Ind.

Somebody please tell me what to do for pin worms in a horse. I have tried all kinds of remedies, but they all failed.—H., Pa.

I would like to know how to make cider that will produce vinegar that will stand the pure food law test.—F.

FOR SCALY LEGS

For scaly legged chickens use two-thirds coal oil and one-third lard, mixed. Apply it to the legs one or two days.—C., Mendon, Ill.

CHANGING GAIT OF HORSES

I find an inquiry in the Farmstead columns for a method to change the gait of young horses. To make a trotter pace, apply hobbles above the knee and above the hock on both sides of the horse. To make a pacer trot, cross the hobbles from front fore leg to opposite hind leg; this crosses the strap under the horse. Then turn the horse loose or lead him around until he gets used to the hobbles. Then ride or drive as you please. However, it is safest to drive. The younger the horse the better. One of my sons hobbled a six-year-old colt, which was of high bred trotting stock and was a natural trotter, so he was hobbled to pace. Turned loose with his dam, after a week or more, it became easy for him to pace. After two years he was trained and won many races as a pacer: time 2:13 1-4.—C., Lascarras, Tenn.

BEAN BLIGHT

Bean blight or bacteriosis is a disease that is common upon field, garden and Lima beans. It affects leaves, stems and pods, but particularly the leaves and pods, upon which the symptoms are most conspicuous. It is believed the diseased seed is the source of many infections, whereas later infections may result through wounds in any green parts. On the foliage there appear irregular water-soaked patches, which later become, during dry weather, brown and papery. The disease progresses slowly, therefore it becomes evident, as a rule, only when the pods begin to form. Control is difficult, and must concern itself largely with seed selection and crop rotation. Seed from an affected field should not be planted. It is not enough to attempt to sort out healthy seed when some of the lot are evidently diseased, for many which show no discoloration will be penetrated by the bacteria.

ANSWERS BY VETERINARIAN

Paralysis.

A fine pure-bred yearling bull running out on alfalfa and also fed corn chops, oats and corn and cob meal suddenly got dizzy, struggled and lost the use of its forelegs. The muscles were quite numb and showed no feeling when pricked with a knife. There were no symptoms of either anthrax or blackleg. I cannot imagine what was the matter, as we found nothing much the matter on examining the internal organs after death. There was enlargement of the liver, kidneys and lungs and some small gravel in the bladder and also in the ducts of the liver. The veterinary does not seem to be able to make out just what was wrong. Can you throw any light on the case, as it is a mystery to us?—H. T., Colorado.

Reply—We take it as about certain that the bull suffered an attack of apoplexy which caused a hemorrhage in the brain, and that led to paralysis. Such conditions are comparatively common in both man and animals, and in this case we would suspect overfeeding and plethora to be the exciting cause. It should be added, however, that a like attack may come from overexertion or from exposure to excessive heat. Fat animals are most likely to be attacked. The condition of the internal organs and the presence of calculi and gallstones indicate fat condition and sluggish circulation. An animal in that condition might well be attacked by apoplexy. Treatment usually proves futile. Instant bleeding, application of ice packs to the poll of the head, a physic and iodide of potash in large doses would be indicated, but usually it is too late to accomplish satisfactory results, the attack having progressed to an incurable degree before treatment is started.

Urticaria.

Please tell me what caused our family horse to have the following disease: She is in fine condition and a good eater, weighing 1,200 pounds or over and white in color. She is driven several times a week and fed oats, corn and bran. Just before the attack she was given some new alfalfa hay and then turned out on grass. Next day we found her covered with small and large bunches, and some of them were wet with sweat or water. She was that way for two days, and then the lumps gradually disappeared, but since then she has not seemed so hearty and we have not used her at all. Is this farcy? Will it be safe to keep her?—M. H. J., Missouri.

Reply—The ailment is not farcy, but urticaria, also known as nettle rash and surfeit. It comes from indigestion, due to a sudden change in food. The feeding of alfalfa and grass to which she has not been accustomed might well induce the attack. It is a simple and non-dangerous disease and the mare should be kept, but kept right. By that we mean that she should be worked or exercised every day and have no sudden change of food. It is the sudden change of food that brings on this disease and also attacks of other forms of indigestion. Treatment at time of attack consists in giving a light physic, such as a pint of raw linseed oil or eight ounces of glauber salts; the latter to be dissolved in a quart of warm water. The affected parts of the skin may be bathed several times daily with a lotion composed of half an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda in a quart of water. Stop feeding corn. Work her every day. Give two ounces of glauber salts in the drinking water once daily for three or four days and repeat the following week if found necessary.

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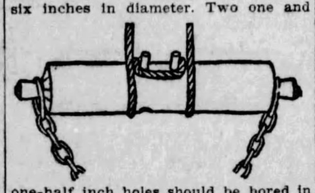
A WIRE STRETCHER

This is made of a hardwood long about three and one-half feet long and six inches in diameter. Two one and



one-half inch holes should be bored in the roller at right angles several inches apart, through which hand spikes are to be inserted to wind up the wire.

PHOSPHORUS $1 FOR AN OUNCE

The element of phosphorus can be secured in no other way than to buy it. In its cheapest form it costs 3 to 4 cents a pound. There are 17 pounds in 100 bushels of corn. If 50-bushel crops are raised about 80 cents per acre annually would restore the phosphorus. This is merely the cost of maintenance and the fertility would not increase. As this element usually limits the crop, more should be applied than is taken off. It is considered that 1,000 pounds of raw phosphate applied per acre once in four years is a reasonable expenditure, builds up the soil rapidly and profitably. This will supply phosphorus about twice as fast as it will be removed in large crops. The cost is $1 per acre per year.

SILAGE AS DAIRY FOOD

Silage is one of the best foods for dairy cows in winter. It is easy to handle, and a silo is recommended by the Minnesota experiment station to farmers having fifteen cows or more. An ordinary silo, built of lumber is good for ten or fifteen years. The cost of the building, machinery for loading the silo, and all expenses of growing the corn and getting it into the silo does not exceed $2.00 a ton. Owing to the cost of the silo it is not thought practical for a farmer having less than ten to fifteen cows to build one.

SPRAY INJURES TREE CROWNS

Avoid throwing a large amount of the spray directly upon the trunks and large limbs of the trees, because when this is done the poison is carried down about the crown, where it is apt to do serious harm, poisoning the crown of the tree itself.

PROBLEMS OF FEED LOTS

Short Talks on Feeding.

"Of what value is molasses as a cattle food?"

Molasses is strictly a carbonaceous food, belonging in the same class as corn and similar feeds. It has come to be regarded as a valuable feed for fattening cattle, especially in the sugar-producing regions of the country, where it is obtained cheaply as a byproduct from the manufacture of sugar. In the manufacture of sugar it is impossible to get all the sugar to crystalize out of the cane or beet juice, and this sugar, together with other organic matter contained mainly in the form of proteids, gives the refuse molasses its value as a stock food. The protein, however, is in a very small proportion as compared with the sugar or carbohydrates. This refuse is obtainable in the sugar belt for from 6 to 10 cents a gallon of about 12 pounds.

For fattening cattle molasses has as much or more value as an appetizer as an actual food. When sprinkled over grain or hay it causes a large consumption of feed, and not only this, but feeders claim that it is an aid to digestion. Although at present there is not much data at hand on the subject, this claim seems to be substantiated by experimental evidence. An experiment conducted by the Texas station in 1903 shows that when molasses at the rate of two-fifths of a gallon per steer per day was added to a ration of cotton seed meal and cotton seed hulls the cattle not only made a greater daily gain per head, but the gains were made cheaper.

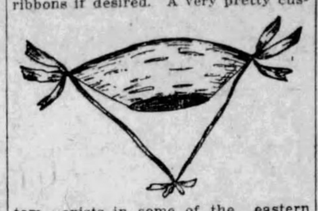
A bulletin on the subject has been published by Professors John A. Craig and F. R. Marshall, of the Texas station, which gives the results of feeding molasses to 2-year-old steers being finished for market. The average grain ration consisted of 14 pounds of cotton seed meal and corn chop, one part of the former to two parts of the latter, and the average roughage consumed was 12½ pounds of cotton seed hulls per day. To this was added molasses at the rate of a little over three quarts per steer per day. The cattle thus fed made an average daily gain of 1.71 pounds, against 1.27 pound with a similar lot similarly fed, but without the molasses. The cost per pound gain was 10.05 cents with the lot receiving molasses, against 11.3 cents with the lot receiving no molasses. The low rate of grain and high cost per pound is due to the fact that the steers had been long fed and were nearly fat when the experiment began.

The bulletin referred to states that the most common method of feeding molasses is to carry it out in buckets and mix with the feed in the bunks. In the tests at the station the molasses was mixed with an equal volume of water and poured over the mixed grains and hulls, the whole then being thoroughly stirred. A common practice is to take a spraying outfit, the barrel being filled with an equal volume of water and molasses, and drive through the feed lot, spraying on the mixed feed in the bunks such an amount of the mixture as is to be fed. According to statements made by the Massachusetts station the residuum molasses from Porto Rico is being offered for sale in New England at 13 cents a gallon of 12 pounds. The molasses contains 24 to 28 per cent of water, 3 per cent of nitrogenous matter and 7 to 8 per cent ash, the remainder being sugar and allied substances.

A good appetizer is made of ground Alfalfa hay mixed with molasses. T. B. Hord, Central City, Neb., claims that such a mixture fed at the rate of two pounds per day increased the consumption from three to six pounds per day per steer.

An October Basket

These little baskets can be made from birch bark and decorated with ribbons if desired. A very pretty cus-



tom exists in some of the eastern states of making these baskets, trimming them with flowers or plants and at night hanging them on the doorknobs of friends and neighbors.

THE STRAW STACK

The straw stack is to a considerable degree an index of American agriculture. One can draw some rather safe conclusions concerning the agriculture of a farming region by observing the straw stacks.

In all sections where live stock occupies a prominent place you will observe good, clean, well built straw stacks. No straw ever goes to waste on the stock farm. In some cases the straw is stored under roof. This is better than stacking.

There are two kinds of agriculture where straw is a waste product. One is in a region so new that stock raising has not yet come in. The other is in a region so old that stock raising has gone out. The former is found in the west, the latter is found in the east. One does not need to travel far west to find regions where they burn straw as it comes from the machine. The landscape along the railroads running through the northwestern wheat fields is at times brilliantly illuminated at night by the flame of burning straw stacks. Yet conservationists are prone to look to the mountain stream, the forest and the mine as the chief field of conservation.

In the older settled regions where small grain is raised and where there is no stock the straw pile is seldom fired. It is piled carelessly and allowed to rot. Some men have an aversion to burning or selling straw from the farm. They do not know why. They have no logical reason for refusing to sell straw when there is no stock to utilize it, yet it remains on the farm to waste. But little good accrues to a farm from a decaying straw pile without stock. In the absence of stock the straw might better be sold and the proceeds invested in oilmeal, bran or alfalfa, which will add fertility to the farm. But shortage of stock leaves little need for feedstuffs. The farm is the loser in both ways. There is something disordant and discouraging in unsightly decaying straw piles in a land adapted to diversified farming. The land of decaying straw stacks is a land "to hastening ills a prey." This great loss in American agriculture should be stopped. The straw should all be utilized either as feed or bedding for farm animals. If it cannot be used profitably where grown it should be shipped to the nearest region where it can be utilized. The British farmer winters a considerable portion of his live stock on straw and turnips. For fattening he addes to this the nitrogenous byproducts, bran and oilmeal, that have come from the American farm, which we can ill afford to spare. On many farms straw is allowed to waste when it is much needed for litter or bedding. The old adage, "Well bedded is half fed" has never been as fully accepted as it should be. I have never known a good caretaker or feeder of live stock who underrated the importance of liberal bedding. The proper place for the straw stack at the end of the feeding season is in the manure pile.

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Judge J. Otis Humphrey of the United States District court at Springfield, Ill., has given a striking example of this. He is a careful student of agriculture and thought that a forty-acre farm adjoining his land could be induced to quit its loafing and get down to business, the soil itself being originally good. It had grown nothing but corn for many years and recently had produced no more than twenty or twenty-five bushels per acre, along with a perfect stand of cockleburs.

Judge Humphrey bought the place at $75 per acre and began with oats. The yield was a little less than thirty bushels per acre, worth 27 cents per bushel. An immense crop of burs was plowed under the middle of August and wheat sown.

Clover was sown the following spring. The harvest resulted in a yield of seventeen bushels per acre. The latent half of the cocklebur seed, which had lain in the ground two years, came up along with the clover and the plants were all clipped off in August.

The third year, 1907, two fine crops of clover were produced, two tons per acre of hay and four bushels per acre of $8.50 seed. This one year the land returned three-quarters of its cost price.

Fine ground rock phosphate, 1,500 pounds per acre, and a heavy application of barnyard manure were applied to this clover ground. When the land was broken for corn last spring the clover had made a growth of twenty inches, and this supplied a valuable green manure. The corn was planted early, well worked, and now indicates a yield of seventy-five bushels per acre of well-matured corn, which may nearly or quite equal the value of the last year's clover crop, depending upon the price of corn.

The four crops pay for the farm, the fertilizer and manures, added all labor bestowed, and leave some margin besides. The burs are gone. Much of the manure and phosphorus applied remains in the soil to increase future crops. Under this more intelligent treatment greater use will be made of the plant food that was in the soil. This farm is now $150 land.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

CANAL LOCKS

Will you please tell what canal locks are?—E. K., Magazine, Ark.

Canal locks are built in order to raise boats over elevations of the country through which the canal passes. It would be too expensive to have the canals cut through the hills and other elevations, so the cheaper method of building locks is employed. With the aid of these the boats are able to be transported over the hills. The lock proper is a reservoir large enough to contain a canal boat. This reservoir has gates at both ends. If a boat is going up the canal it enters the lock at one end; the gates at that end are closed after the boat has passed through. The gates at the other end are then opened to allow the lock to fill to the level of the water at the upper end. When the lock is full the boat is floated out upon a higher level of water.

By the aid of a series of these locks large elevations are passed over. When passing from the upper to the lower end of the canal the boat enters the lock, the gates behind are closed and those in front are opened to allow the water to run out thus lowering the boat to the lower level of the canal.

LIEUTENANT PEARY

From which college did Peary graduate, Annapolis or West Point? What special branch of study did he take?—F. W. B., Davenport, Ia.

Lieutenant Peary, the explorer, graduated from Bowdoin college as a civil engineer. He entered the United States navy immediately, having neither studied at West Point or Annapolis.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT

Please tell something concerning the Salem witchcraft.—E. H. P., Lawrence, Mich.

The Salem witchcraft delusion with its attendant tragedies occurred near the close of the 17th century and was largely due to excitement caused by the teachings and writing of Cotton Mather, the noted Puritan divine, who was a strong believer in the superstition. The witch frenzy of the town broke out in the family of Samuel Parris, a minister, but for whose instigation the delusion, with its sacrifice of human lives, could not have obtained the headway it did. A company of girls suddenly began to act mysteriously, each like a dog and scream at something unseen. An old Indian servant was accused of bewildering them. The excitement spread and impeachments multiplied. A special court was formed to try the accused and the jails were filled as a result. Many of these were condemned to death. It was unsafe for any one to express a doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. Fifty-five persons suffered torture and twenty were executed before the delusion ceased.

MILITARY ACADEMY

Please tell what qualifications a person must have to enter the military academy at West Point.—T. L. H., Jonesboro, Tenn.

Each senator, congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia and Porto Rico—is entitled to have one cadet at the academy. There are also 40 appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 523.

Appointments are usually made one year in advance of the time of admission, by the secretary of war upon the nomination of the senator or representative. These nominations may either be made after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the representative. The representative may nominate two legally qualified second candidates, to be designated alternates. The alternates will receive from the war department a letter of appointment, and will be examined with the regular appointee, and the best qualified will be admitted to the academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the military academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra, through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography and the elements of physical geography, especially the geography of the United States, United States history and the principles of physiology and hygiene.

The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years and is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, English, French, drawing, drill regulations of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, chemical physics, mineralogy, geology, electricity, history, international, constitutional and military law, Spanish, civil and military engineering, art and science of war and ordnance and gunnery. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over one-half the remainder are finally graduated. The discipline is very strict, even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offenses is inflexible rather than severe. Acadamic duties begin September 1 and continue until June 1. Examinations are held in each December and June, and cadets found proficient in studies and correct conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is $609.50 per year, and with proper economy, is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about 470.

Upon graduating, cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. The whole number of graduates from 1802 to 1904, inclusive, has been 4,338. It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his senator or member of congress. The appointments by the President are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army and navy, who, by reason of their shifting residence, due to the necessities of the service, find it next to impossible to obtain an appointment otherwise.

KING WILLIAM III.

Please give a sketch of the life of William of Orange.—M. E., Mt. Olive, Ill.

William III. of England, or William of Orange, lived from 1650 to 1702. He was the son of William II. of Orange, and Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I. of England. William was born at the Hague. In 1672, when France and England attacked the Netherlands, William was made stadtholder and commander-in-chief of the army, and by his military and diplomatic talents he freed the country from the grasp of Louis XIV., of France. In 1677 he married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James, Duke of York, and heir presumptive to the British crown. In the contest between

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that these functions may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE

Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic Articular Rheumatism.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC," and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, **enclosing this advertisement,** to JOHN A. SMITH, 5911 Smith Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

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DARWINISM

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Darwinism is one portion or aspect of organic evolution. Organic evolution teachers that all living forms have descended by variation from a smaller number of more primitive original forms, while Darwinism is an attempt to explain one part of that process. According to Darwin the existence of variation is admitted without reference to its causes. His great principle is what he has called "natural selection," and what Herbert Spencer aptly termed the "survival of the fittest." In originating new varieties of plants or new breeds of animals the farmer exercises an artificial selection. He takes those individuals which present variations in some desired line, and uses these for reproduction; with the next generation a similar selection is made, and so on until the result is far different from the parent stock. Darwin maintained that a somewhat similar, though not intelligent, selection occurs in nature, those individuals which present some variation which better fits them to their surroundings being more likely to survive than their less favored relatives. The rate of reproduction of any organism is so rapid that were it not checked it would soon completely fill the earth. There is consequently a struggle for existence, not only between individuals of the same species but between different species as well, and in th's struggle the fittest must, as a rule, survive. Thus nature exercises a selection, and, like the breeder, originates new varieties. The same process carried further produces wider divergence from the parent stock until at last new species and higher groups are differentiated.

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DETROIT BASEBALL PLAYERS

Please give the names of all the baseball players on the Detroit team and the position each plays.—W. E. W., Muntith, Mich.

The regular players of the Detroit baseball team are Jennings, manager; T. Jones, first base; Delehanty, second base; Bush, shortstop; Moriarty, third base; D. Jones, left field; Crawford, center field; Cobb, right field; Stanage, Casey and Schmidt, catchers; McIntyre, utility outfielder, and O'Leary, utility infielder. The pitchers for the season which has just closed are Works, Willett, Mullin, Donovan, Summers, Mitchell and Pernoll. There are also some players who joined the team late in the season for the purpose of being tried out for the next season. These are Peasley and Loudell, pitchers; Lathers, second base, and Kirke, shortstop. There are a few other young players who have taken little or no part in the games and are therefore of no importance.

JOAN OF ARC

Please tell me all you can about Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans.—N. B., Valois, N. Y.

Joan of Arc, or Jeanne d'Arc, to give the French form, known as the Maid of Orleans, was a French peasant girl, born about 1411, burned at the stake in Rouen in 1431. She received no instruction, and was of course densely ignorant, as were all the peasants of that day. She was accustomed to all farm work, but her especial duties were tending sheep and riding horses to water. She was devout, and intensely superstitious. She was born at Domremy, in Lorraine, now a province of France. Civil dissensions at the time were rending France. The peasants at Domremy sympathized with the Orleans party. Joan shared the political excitement, and was also a religious enthusiast. At the age of 13 she began to believe herself the subject of supernatural visitations, and declared she heard voices and saw visions. There was an old tradition that a girl from the forests of Lorraine would one day save France; and when she heard of the disasters that were befalling her country, Joan felt herself impelled to offer her services to the Dauphin, assured that in her the tradition would find its fulfillment. Having proven her power to the king's satisfaction by singling him out, though disguised from a hundred knights who were present, Joan was sent to the army. She appeared in camp, clad in a suit of white armor and mounted on a warhorse; her head was unhelmeted, and her long black hair fell down around her shoulders. The rough men-at-arms received her with enthusiasm, and at her bidding left off their profanity and evil habits. She marched at their head, displaying a consecrated banner, and effected an entrance into Orleans with a supply of provisions for the famishing citizens. From this moment success deserted the standard of the English; their forts fell into the hands of Joan, and the seige was soon raised. For her heroism in relieving the beleaguered city, Joan was called the Maid of Orleans. Charles was subsequently crowned at Rheims, while the Maid stood by his side in complete armor. Having now performed her double mission, she knelt at his feet and prayed for her discharge. But Charles induced her to remain, and for a sad fate. She was captured by the English, condemned for witchcraft and burned at the stake. The ungrateful king offered no ransom, proposed no exchange for the maid who had saved his crown. His end was almost as terrible as hers; he starved himself to death from the dread of being poisoned by his son, afterward Louis XI. The English profited little by the execution of Joan. "We are lost," was the prediction of one of their own number who witnessed her death; "we have burned a saint." One by one their conquests were forced from them, and when the Hundred Years' War ended in 1451, Calais alone remained in their possession.

A BASEBALL QUERY

When a batsman makes a three-base hit or a home run can he run more than 90 feet from the base line and not be out?—C. E. R., Greenland, W. Va.

If a batsman makes a hit which gives him more than one base he cannot run more than three feet from the base line or he is declared out by the umpire.

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An Ambassador Lit Up.

Boston Traveler.

It was while Charlemagne Tower was ambassador to Russia that a New York city newspaper "spread itself" upon a fete held at St. Petersburg. A green copy-reader produced this result:

"As pleasing to the eye as was all this decoration, there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevska, of Charlemagne Tower, brilliantly illuminated, looming grand and imposing against the winter sky."

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 7131 Bank building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

I have a new Method that cures rupture and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.

No matter whether you have a single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want to send it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to show everyone at my own expense, that my Method will end all rupture suffering and truss-wearing for all time.

This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin your cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

FREE COUPON
Mark location of Rupture on Diagram and mail to
DR. W. S. RICE
521 Main St., Adams, N. Y

Age.....
Time Ruptured .....
Cause of Rupture .....
.....
Name.....
Address.....
.....

PATIENT CULTIVATION

The Romance of the Production of the Poppy.

London Leader.

Interest is aroused in the romantic history of the Shirley poppy by an article published in the new journal if the Royal Horticultural society.

The "Shirley" poppy owes its existence to a casual glance which the Rev. W. Wilks gave to a freak wild red poppy many years ago. Now it is a dainty flower, which blooms in red, white, yellow and orange (but never in blue).

In a waste corner of his garden years ago Mr. Wilks noticed a patch of wild poppies, of which one solitary flower had a very narrow white edging on the petals. He saved the seeds, and in the second year, out of about 200 plants he had four which had all the flowers white-edged.

The best of these were marked, and the seeds saved. It was a long task, demanding great patience, lasting several years, but in the course of time there came a large infusion of white which toned down the red to a pale pink, and one plant at last gave pure white petals.

Finally, after many years, Mr. Wilks changed the black centers of the flowers to yellow or white, and he got petals varying from the brightest scarlet to pure white, with all the shades of pink in between.

The Shirley poppy, h says, was obtaind only by true selection and elimination, involving the total eradication of any plant that had any inferior flowers.

Mr. Wilks had to be out among the flowers between 3 and 4 o'clock every morning in order to destroy the bad ones before they had a chance of carrying the pollen from one to the other.

Thus the gardens of the whole world are furnished with poppies which are the direct descendants of one single capsule of seed saved in the little vicarage garden at Shirley in August, 1880.

PIGEON FLIES WITH TRAIN

Bird Has Been Making Regular Trips Along Arkansas Railway.

Arkansas Gazette.

The pigeon that for the last month or more has been running with the Iron Mountain crews between Malvern and Arkadelphia has extended its runs and now makes the trip from Walco to Gurdon, a distance of 34 miles.

A brakeman who made the trip over the division this week reported at the Union station that the pigeon made the down trip with his train, joining the crew at Walco and leaving them at Gurdon, which was the furthest point south it had been known to go previously.

For the last four or five weeks this pigeon has been flying along with the Iron Mountain trains. Some of the trainmen are said to regard it as a hoodoo and fear that its presence portends some disaster to them, but as yet no accident has happened to a crew while the bird was along. Others look upon the pigeon as a pet and are always glad to have it join them on a trip.

The trainmen say that the bird almost always flies just ahead of the engine about on a level with the headlight. On the last trip Engineer Golleher, who was in the cab, tried to overtake it, but it was no use—the pigeon always stayed just ahead. On this trip when the train stopped at Arkadelphia for water the bird flew out to one side and rested in a tree until the fireman rang his bell for the start, when it resumed its place just in front of the headlight, flying at a suitable speed to remain about the same distance ahead, whether the train was going slow or fast.

A Kansas Outrage.

Marion Record.

If the brute who stole over 250 quarts of canned fruit from Mrs. Albert Fox one night last week could realize what an outrage he had committed he would sneak around tonight and return the goods. But he won't do that, because there isn't a spark of manhood left in the system of a fellow who will commit that kind of a theft. It was below the level of horse stealing, for it robbed a faithful mother and hard working wife of the fruit of her labors. The thief ought to be caught with the goods. The robber has an opportunity to save himself from a whole lot of trouble by returning the goods on the quiet, but no one will feel inclined to think he has sense enough to do that if he is given a couple of years to think it over at Lansing he may be able to see it differently.

A Melancholy Man.

Tit-Bits.

Lord Hannen was badly hoaxed on one occasion by a juryman, who pleaded to be excused because he was "deeply interested in a funeral at which it was his desire to be present." "Oh, certainly," was the courteous reply of the judge, and the sad, melancholy-looking man left the court. "My lord," quietly interposed his clerk, as soon as the juryman had gone, "do you know who that man is that you exempted?" "No." "He is an undertaker."

A Striking Illustration.

Scraps.

A Scottish parson, remarkable for the simple force of his pulpit style, was enlarging one Sunday upon the text "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"Yes, my friends," urged he with solemn earnestness, "unless ye repent ye shall as surely perish," deftly placing his left forefinger on the wing of a blue-bottle that had just alighted upon the reading desk the while the parson's right hand was uplifted—"just as surely as, my friends, I flatten this poor fly."

But, before the threatened blow descended the fly got away, whereupon the minister further "improved the occasion" with ready wit, exclaiming: "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

PROGRESS IN CHINA

THE MOST important phase of progress in the most populous country of the world is the awakening of a desire for change. The feeling is more vital than the fact. In this instance it is more difficult to arouse a national purpose than it can be to give effect to that intention when it becomes clear and fixed.

China has the power to work a tremendous shifting of the center of gravity in the world's industrial, commercial and political center of gravity. It is only desire that has been lacking, and the want of inclination for change, radical and lasting, has been due more to strength than to weakness.

In large part, that absence of the wish for progress, in the American or European sense, has always been the result of intense national pride and full consciousness of the fact that for many centuries China was greater and more advanced thn any other country with which the Chinese people came into contact. It is calculated to make a nation feel

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Growing in Interest

Weekly Blade advertisements are growing more interesting from week to week. This is the season of special opportunities, when the advertiser endeavors to meet the demands of newspaper readers. Householders cannot afford to overlook The Blade advertising columns at this time of the year. Blade advertisements make buying easy. The first essential is to get into communication with the merchant who has something to sell. He can be reached by a letter or postal card.

The best paid preacher doesn't always preach the longest sermon.

Most men inherit father's politics and mother's religion.

The Prohibition party is growing. Chancellor Day has joined.

China will have a senate, but it will have no House and Uncle Joe.

The situation might be much worse for King Manuel. He isn't married.

The women will have to hurry. The hobble skirt will soon pass away and broken legs will not be stylish.

The rind of the bacon is pretty thick but this dosen't necessarily mean that we are to have a severe winter.

This country has improved considerably since Columbus discovered it, and yet it dosen't satisfy some people.

"There is too much talking in the world," says Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Now we'd like to hear from Mr. Wilcox.

Ex-King Manuel is not without hope. He is still young enough to learn a good trade and settle down to work.

A Virginian who is the father of fifty-six children is in jail, and is seeking a pardon. What he really needs is a pension.

According to a woman doctor large families are a crime. She didn't get that idea from Theodore Roosevelt or the Bible.

Probably not half the stories that are told about Manuel are true. It is human nature to kick a king when he's down.

A monarchy can't be overthrown and a republic established without mussing up the premises. A revolution is worse than moving.

Mr. Roosevelt went up in an aeroplane, and the reports say he landed easily. Usually Mr. Roosevelt lands hard.

Recent events in Portugal have stirred up matters in Spain and General Weyler's chin has reappeared in the newspapers.

Babies are out of style, says a preacher. And yet a great many may be found in the homes of old-fashioned people.

Old pictures of Vice President Sherman show him wearing a smile. He has had no after-taking photographs made.

A Pennsylvania man has eaten his length in green corn. There have been many kinds of eating contests, but does anybody know what the mince pie record is?

There are eighty thousand people of the United States in jail. This leaves something like ninety millions on the outside. This situation is very gratifying.

"A man eats because he is hungry and a woman eats to keep the stuff from spoiling," says a Kansas editor. That fellow never saw a hungry woman.

There is a lot of worrying in the world, but very little of it is done by men who are depressed with the thought that they get more than they earn.

This year's tobacco crop is said to be a dissapointment, but the chewers of scrap will find enough foreign substance in theirs to make up for the shortage.

An Indiana man wants t divorce because his wife has cold feet. And yet he took her for better or for worse. Some men cannot adapt themselves to circumstances.

"Helen Gould is going to have the finest swimming pool in the world." And yet the old swimming hole with the oriole's nest swinging above it will continue to be a delightful memory to many of us.

A Mexican scientist claims to have invented a chemical baby. But the idea of going to the drug store on the corner for the babies of the future will never appeal to popular fancy.

A Cincinnati settlement worker makes the discovery that college women prefer husbands to mission work. It is not surprising to learn that a college education dosen't change human nature.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says American women love their babies so much that they are in danger of neglecting other duties. The things that alarm Ella always come near being our idea of nothing to worry about.

Progressive Republicanism

IV.

Trust and Railroad Regulation.

The day when one may proclaim that "the trust must go" has passed. Industrial combinations have been fought in the courts and in legislative chambers and in the forum of public opinion for a score of years. How far toward the actual elimination of trusts has the battle advanced? Today we find these great corporations stronger, more shrewdly fixed in the soil, more resourceful, than ever. They are in short here to stay—here until the economic conditions which gave them birth and nourished them from feebleness into strength are gone. This is not a question of political conviction, but a question of common sense. The screaming, the legislating, the actions at law, have been of little effect so far as their ultimate aim is concerned.

The combination of capital has its benefits for the consuming public as it has benefits for the capital invested. We can't get away from that. The cry against the purchase of trust-made commodities has been utterly useless where the trust sells below the independent. However much sympathy there is for the under dog in commerce it goes no farther than sympathy if the under dog charges more for his goods than does the trust. It is human nature, and human necessity in large part, to take advantage of the best prices. The trust, through the prevention of the wastes of competition, can produce more cheaply and market more cheaply. Which, of course, is not to say that it does so. Such combinations as the railroads have formed have knitted the country more closely together and improved freight and passenger carrying systems. Within the last few months the railroads of Ireland, in the state of competition and inconvenience in which the roads of America were a half century ago, have been notified that if they did not hit upon some method of combination within three years a scheme of nationalization would be put into force.

The whole trust problem lies in the selfishness of the trust-makers. They had no more than begun to glean the benefits which the savings in production brought them than they reached out for the profits of monopoly. They were in a position to dictate to consumers and they did dictate autocratically. They used their power to crush labor organizations, to kill the business of smaller producers often when the killing was mere wantonness, gaining themselves nothing; to control the markets in which they purchased their raw material, to reach out for subsidiary industries and such as were dependent upon them, to buy privileges of state and national lawmakers and to set up, in certain communities, their own court officials. In addition to their tyrannies which were within the law and their practices which were without, they sought swift profits in the stock markets. Vast quantities of securities were sold, juggled with, used to hide unusual earnings and to keep down public discontent against excessive charges. Companies were floated in the height of the trust-forming period for which there was absolutely no place, for which there was no room and no demand by reason of cut-throat competition or excessive wastes in production. Stock jobbers were enriched and small investors were robbed. We have today not only trusts which control a wide range of commodities, but trusts in patents, trusts in power production, trusts in transportation, trusts in special privileges held either by grant of law or the right of custom—some of them beneficial to the economic state and conducted worthily, others entirely useless or pernicious.

Granted that the trusts cannot utterly be done away with, the problem becomes one of regulation. They must be brought back to that point where they shall take only legitimate profits and their evil influence in politics shall cease to be. Progressive Republicans have been first to drop the hopeless task of preventing the amalgamation of capital. They have been first to map out a real program of regulation, of governmental oversight and protection for the public. In the last session of congress the most advanced railroad measure ever written or ever suggested was made a law through the statesmanship and the untiring efforts of a few Republicans. They were weaker numerically than their opponents, but such was their mastery of the subject and their determination to get the betterments upon the statute books that they caused the recognized leaders to follow them, the representatives of special interests to keep in the background. Some day that fight for the railroad bill in the United States senate will be looked upon as a mile-stone of the progressive movement.

One of the interesting phases of the agitation is the entrance of a number of the "big men" of the financial world into the discussion, not opposing governmental regulation as they did so many years, but approving it and showing a hearty willingness to test the most daring of experiments with such control. We quote a recent utterance from this sourse:

"Every fair-minded student of the subject must admit that there are grave economic evils in the unchecked domination of any industry by a single corporation or group of individuals. These evils are emphasized in the industries in which it is necessary for the welfare of our people to maintain our protective duties—which is shielding the industries that have built up a home monopoly against competition from abroad. On the other hand, I think we all recognize that the overproduction which comes from unchecked competition and which results in erratic price movements and great waste are evils which the trusts have done much to eradicate, and that in so far as they regulate production according to demand they are of assistance to modern commerce.

"Their greatest danger lies in their power (1) to enhance prices and thus reap abnormal profits; (2) to stifle new competition by piratical methods, and (3) to prevent the development of new inventions. I suggest the following remedy for the existing situation:

"First—Enact a Federal incorporation law such as has already been discussed, under which any corporation engaged in interstate business may incorporate.

"Second—This law to provide for a commission to fix the maximum prices at which commodities may be sold, based upon an investigation of cost of production, with powers in the commission over interstate industrial corporations similar to those of the present Interstate Commerce Commission over railroads.

"Third—Then, having created a refuge for these corporations which are willing to subject themselves to these restrictions, let us enforce the civil and criminal provisions of the Sherman law until every trust has been forced to subject itself to control, and allow no other corporations engaged in interstate business to operate under state charters if they come within the regulations of congress and can be thus controlled, as most of them can be.

"Fourth—The commission should have power summarily to investigate all complaints of oppression and unfair competition and to direct criminal prosecution and suits to forfeit the charters and disband all corporations so offending."

* * *

The railroads are now engaged in arguing their plea for permission to raise their freight rates. Thanks to Republican congresses there exists a court which has power over such charges and which can prevent, in a degree, the institution of excessive rates. Without it the carriers could have placed such prices as they chose to fix upon interstate traffic. There would have been public protest, but to no avail.

There is scarce anything so intricate as the system of freight rates in vogue upon American railroads. By reason of its vast complication we have instances of higher charges to nearby points than to points farther away. Some cities are favored to the distinct disadvantage of others. Industries can be built up and be made to prosper at one place where the same industry a few miles away is unable to live because of excessive and illogical differences in rates. A big combination virtually controls the market for its commodity in all New England because the railroads of that section discriminate as between raw and refined products though the carriage of each form is by exactly the same method. Through the urgency of the fruit growers of southern California an additional duty was fixed by congress upon imported lemons. The railroads thereupon increased their charges so as to absorb that benefit to themselves. A car-load of machinery shipped from San Francisco to Johannesburg, South Africa, cost 25 per cent. less in freights than a car-load from San Francisco to Goldfield, Nevada. Both shipments went over the same road as far as Reno, Nev. Rates from Chicago to Spokane, Wash., have been established as the rate to Seattle plus the local rate from Seattle back over the same line to Spokane. These are but a few of thousands of such examples of rate-making as practiced on American railroads.

The Interstate Commerce Commission cannot, if it wished, inaugurate a system of rate-making based upon costs of transportation. It can only act today as judge so far as its limited authority will permit. But that the whole subject must be reformed some day is obvious. A new principle must be introduced. That task has been outlined by a few students of the subject and to the solution a number of progressive Republicans have turned their attention. It is ranked as one of the larger problems to which the progressive movement has addressed itself. It will be prominently before the public for many months, no matter whether the railroads win their present suits before the Interstate Commerce Commission or whether they lose.

PORTUGUESE COLONIES.

Portugal owns possessions in Africa, in the East Indies, upon the coast of China and among the islands of the Atlantic. In spite of the misrule which has distinguished the Portuguese administrators of these lands, the colonial property is a rich one. The government has been quarreling for several years with China because of an effort to narrow the zone of influence. In Africa there is a large trade and incidentally a large scandal involving the questions of the lives and liberties of the natives. The Atlantic islanders are a hard-working, thrifty, peace-loving lot, who would be held in honor by any nation.

But the Portuguese colonial possessions have been lessening in extent just as those of Spain. The Latin makes a good colonist, but he has no ability to govern a colony. The idea of loot, which lingers from the days of Cortez and Pizarro, controls the acts of public officials, at home to some extent, abroad absolutely. So while Portugal is well off in the matter of the size of colonies, she is poorly off in the matter of the returns from them. They are a weight, a curse. Individuals take fortunes away, but the state gets little except worries.

Under the Republicans it is possible that the colonies will be sold or permitted to administer themselves. It is only in time of revolution that the broom is swept the most freely. The people will be eager to make a new start without drags upon their feet. Portugal's territory a few years hence may be entirely within the continent of Europe.

FROM OIL TO COAL.

If it is true, as reported, that the Standard Oil company is to go into the coal business the enterprise is in the nature of the expected.

It has been estimated that the oil in this country will have been exhausted within 40 years. The Standard is itself scarce more than 30 years old and its amazing prosperity is younger than that. It would be incredible that a company, so rich and so powerful, having not only tremendous assets in visible property, but an almost unlimited credit, a machine-like organization and an unquenchable desire for gain, would lie back and see all these possessions decay, see them fade and at last pass away.

Coal is becoming every year more valuable. The supplies are no longer looked upon as inexhaustible. As industry grows there will be more and more a demand for it, and more and more will it be possible for a trust controlling a large part of the output to spread its power and to dictate to the working world. The Standard Oil company could choose no better commodity than coal to which to transfer its energies and out of which to take its extraordinary profits.

WHO WINS IN THE END?

The action of the four big railroad unions in pledging political aid to the railroads in their campaign for higher freight rates is proclaimed, as it was bound to be, as a sign that capital and labor are drawing closer together. Perhaps that is true. So far as the relationship between men and officers is concerned a more thorough democracy has existed upon the railroads than in any other industry. But in the instance the pledge of moral support, or practical support where it can be effected, looks more like an attempt to clinch the grip upon an increase in wages, the corporations having said that they must charge more for freight carrying or come to a lower standard for labor.

The four brotherhoods constitute a very powerful force—a force to be of influence when the labor representatives appear before the Interstate Commerce commission and a force for example. Suppose that the employes of the shippers fighting for the maintenace of lower rates were to get together also and to promise their support to their employers' cause? They might well do this since their wages are in the balance as well as those of railroad workmen. They would outnumber the railroaders many times. Their voice would, if thus measured, be louder and have so much greater power of persuasion with the interstate commissioners. Suppose again. The shippers might be compelled to curtail wages in the event that higher freights are exacted of them. There is one way out and that would be the one taken assuredly. Higher prices would be charged for the articles shipped. In case of public outcry against this, the unions, following the hint of the railroad men, would do their best to quiet the objections. And since there is nothing better than the argument of good wages to make the consuming public philosophical the clamor would be brought to an early end. The situation thus brought about would be something like this:—The railroad workmen will have used their strength to increase freight rates. The workmen of other industries will have used their strength to increase the prices of commercial wares. The railroad men will have bettered their employers' income and made their own bettered income a fixture, but inasmuch as they are consumers they will be made to pay more for necessities which have been transported—and that means nearly all necessities.

Who win in the end by such a maneuver as that undertaken by the brotherhoods? Not the railroad workmen.

MORGAN'S O. K.

Harper's Weekly, owned by J. P. Morgan, gives its unqualified endorsement to Governor Harmon. The New York Sun, another Morgan-owned newspaper, has already delivered a typographical halo to the Ohio hope of the Allied Interests

It is evident that Mr. Harmon is going to have plenty of newspaper support in his proposed delivery of the White House to Wall street. With the Morgan newspapers, the Hearst newspapers and the Scripps-McRae newspapers in his train, he is assured of plenty of publicity.

Harper's Weekly's declaration, published previous to the Rochester convention, follows:

The renomination of Governor Harmon in Ohio is a step toward perfecting the qualification of an admirable man and Democrat to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. If Governor Harmon can carry Ohio again, his friends will be abundantly warranted intrying to send him to the White House. Whether he carries Ohio again or not, he is a man the Democrats must consider. We should like to see a group of such candidates under consideration by the Democrats two years from now.

CIVILIZED GRAFT.

Graft as it has been practiced in Illinois is very crude. Money was collected to stave off oppressive legislation. The methods employed for getting it were very like those used by the amateur blackmailer who "has something on somebody." When a legislator sold his vote he was paid cash, real cash, out of hand. When he did things for the "interests" he was rewarded at the end of the session—in cold money.

In New York graft is no such clumsy business. It has been smoothed down, made an art, been developed into a polite code. Superior civilization has removed the indelicacy in the transfer of dollars from the briber to the bribed. An investigation of a public service corporation has shown what finer sensibilities will do when they must traffic in honor. One way was to buy worthless stock belonging to an assemblyman, paying par value and even giving a premium. Another efficacious method was to purchase the mortgage upon the home of a pliant servant of the people and then surprise him with the present of it. No man should be ungrateful in the circumstances. Suppose a man enter a room having but 30 cents in his pocket and go out later with $300 therein? Would he not wonder who had slipped this pleasant tribute into his possession, and, having settled the question in his mind, would he not try to repay the gift—say by supporting a litle bill his kindly friend wished passed?

Graft in Illinois, as compared with graft in New York, is as the mangy coyote of the plains compared with the blooded dog on a tether in Fifth avenue.

A PLAYED-OUT TRADE.

The revolution in Portugal brings the pitiful figure of the modern king into a glaring light. Manuel was never for a moment more than puppet. He dressed by instruction. He wore decorations because it was the custom and a meaningless one. He moved according to orders and spoke according to the words drilled into his memory. If all his heart had been in giving his country decent rule he could have said less and done less than the poor student who rioted the streets.

George of England enjoys tremendous respect, but he is bound by a thousand restrictions. Were he to break one of them his country would deafen him with its angry protests. The kaiser talks confidently, but he, too, has experienced the unpleasant reminder that he was emperor by leave of the people, not, as he is fond of saying, by divine right. Alfonse of Spain backs and fills, turns his coat now in, now out, as his ministers direct. "Sign here," they say, and Alfonso obediently signs. Blunt, old Franz Josef has tried in his day to play the part of a real sovereign, but he has been bended to the popular will, however little he liked the process. Only Nicholas of Russia can be said to be a ruler of the ancient type, yet even he is but a prisoner, confined in movement by terror, kept in his own land within the narrow lines of palace and palace grounds, by fear of death.

The trade of king is playing out. In the countries where the fullest faith rests in the monarchial form of government it is even there considered a makeshift until better forms are conceived, or there is a greater willingness to test better forms.

HOKE SMITH, HOCH!

The election of Hoke Smith to the governorship of Georgia was what Uncle Jerry Perkins would have called "a foregone delusion." It had to be because Smith was the regular Democratic candidate and no amount of factional bluster and bomb-throwing was like to injure his chances in the least. Georgia votes as Davy Crockett did his shooting—straight and with no wiggling of fingers or batting of eyes.

Hoke Smith was recently described in a magazine article as a progressive Democrat. There are such partisans ,men bound to an organization name, but about as little related to the Democratic tenets as a locomotive is related to a crumbling stone fence. The party fetish gets them into office. Thenceforth it is not necessary to recognize that such things as partisan rules or partisan doctrines exist. Hoke Smith two years ago went down before a Democrat of the old school, an individualist, heart and soul with the moneyed interests just as Harmon is in Ohio. Smith was determined on revenge. He obtained it at the primaries and has clinched it at the election.

There is no national meaning to be read in the Georgia election, unless it be that southern Democrats are learning to know which among them are reactionaries—an enlightenment which has not yet come to the Democrats in the north.

THE BUSIEST OF THE LAKES.

Lake Michigan, for one short period last summer, looked a possible rival to Lake Erie in the ore trade. It was a very short lived period, however, and no sign of such rivalry is to be read in the statistics of the present season of navigation.

By September 1 more than 22,300,000 tons of ore had been brought down to Erie ports since the first vessel sailed from the head of the lakes in April. In the same period less than 5,000,000 tons were delivered at Lake Michigan ports. Nor is it alone in ore receipts that Erie leads Michigan. In the eight months ending with Aug. 31, 14,079,824 bushels of wheat were landed at docks upon this lake while 1,319,430 bushels were delivered at Michigan ports. More corn, more oats, more barley, came to Lake Erie and while more than 600,000 bushels of flaxseed were handled on these shores not a bushel went to a Lake Michigan wharf. Michigan did a heavier trade in rye than did Erie and about a half million more tons of what is called "unclassed freight" in the government reports is credited to Michigan. In the matter of iron manufactures and hard and soft coal, the showing of the receipts at Lake Michigan ports is better than at Lake Erie ports, but most of these shipments originate here, so as a matter of fact that is an advantage only when one side of the table is studied.

Despite Chicago, the second largest city in the country, and Milwaukee, having a population of more than 300,000, not to mention other cities large and prosperous, Lake Michigan's traffic trails fall behind that of Lake Erie. There have been only temporary and deceptive signs that the trend of trade might swing the other way.

IN THE TRAIL OF THE FIRE

They are a long way off, these forest fires. The reports come, giving but the broad sketch of disaster, stripped of detail. Dulled as folk are by the daily news, which of recent weeks has seemed steeped in the woe of wrecks and the mining accidents and the blood and the battle of civil strife, they fail to gain understanding of the vast horror of the tidal waves of flame that have swept sections of the northwest. They read that fifty, a hundred, more, have died in the fire, but no vision comes to them of the fleeing families seeking only a way to escape, the furnace moving upon the winds. Any clearing would seem a safe place, but the burning brands, the sparks and the gases fill such a place with death in a moment and the fire has leaped beyond. Settlers have fled to lakes and streams and submerged themselves to the lips. The fire has sucked the refuges dry and left the blackened dead upon scorched lake and stream bed. In the trail of flames follows starvation. The ground is robbed of its life-giving sustenance and no seed may grow until new leaf mold has formed. Nothing is more desolate than these burned-over lands. The birds, the beasts, the lowlier creatures of weed and pool are gone and only the scarred stumps and the gray ash over all record that life existed there.

The vast pity of it is that these fires are man-made. The locomotives, a careless camper, a negligent lumberman—one of these may have given start to the flames.

A Boston woman is advertising for a St. Louis husband and a New Jersey girl wants some Texas man to marry her. There is no accounting for tastes.

We suppose it will require some time to get aviation down so fine that every flying machine will arrive and depart on schedule time.

An Alaskan miner took out $72,000 in two weeks. That is more than a baseball pitcher could earn in the same length of time.

"Everything can be adulterated except fish," says an exchange. But isn't the carp an adulteration?

There are lots of average men in the world, but to the gallant man the women are all above the average.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LOOKING TOWARD THE END

International Sunday School Lesson for October 23 Is a Quarterly Review.

By William T. Ellis.

Life has many tragedies, and one of them is the partings, which, sooner or later, every friend and family must face. These are experiences which sound the depths of life. The streaming eyes which we sometimes see at railway stations and steamship wharves are fully intelligible only to those who have either thus, or at the deathbed, several tender ties. The preparatory experiences, wherein the father or mother led the dear ones up to an understanding of what was involved in the separation and fortified them for the days to come, are known only to the experienced. Yet it is all mirrored in these final scenes in the life of Jesus.

Visitors to Oberammergau say that the most affecting scenes of the Passion Play, next to the Crucifixion itself, were the partings between Jesus and his mother and friends. He had come to the last stages of his earthly experiences, as the Sunday schools have studied during the past quarter.

OPERATIC MATERIAL.

There is unusually good comic opera material going to waste in China. There is really more than enough of plot, but writers of popular operas know how to keep that sort of stuff out of their work. For background there is all of China, the characters are blessed with impressive titles and the color is all that the amazing art of the Chinese can devise.

Lung Yu is the niece of Tzu Hsi, the old lady who ruled the empire so masterfully for many years. The regent was ordered by Tzu Hsi to consult Lung Yu upon all affairs of state and, being a man rather more well meaning than gifted in statesmanship, he obeys instructions. But the regent, father of the emperor, has a strong minded wife, Princess Chun, and when Lung Yu gives directions it is Princess Chun's practice to pull the other way. As the mate of the regent and the mother of the boy emperor, she should, naturally, have an immense amount of power. But the tradition of China throws the influence to the side of Lung Yu, because she was the favorite of the grim old Tzu Hsi, respected in death as she was respected and feared in life. By way of sauce to the story there is $50,000,000 in the regent's care, which the late empress dowager managed to hoard, being a diligent and practical person alive to her opportunities.

The composer who couldn't work up this material into a musical comedy might very well be accused of the unthrifty trick of pawning the "books" of the old operas, the source of supply for modern works of the sort.

WHILE WE SLEEP.

Because of the influence of the extreme protectionists—looking out for the personal profit of the moment—and the habitual backwardness of congress, the reciprocity program of President McKinley's day was repudiated. Canada then was a big customer. It was argued by the short-sighted that she would have to stay our customer and there was no need of granting concessions in return. It would be a kindness and that only—a pure waste.

Time proved the stupidity of that idea. Canada has developed marvelously in ten years. She is making her own goods, marketing her own products, plowing the prairie and digging the rocks to put her immense native resources to her own uses and for her own store of wealth. The wall raised against the Dominion was largely responsible for the stimulation of development. Canada realizes that and is thankful we were blind and selfish. It permitted her to take an extremely independent position in the controversy over maximum and minimum tariff rates. The other day Premier Laurier delivered a speech in which he said:

In the past Canadian governments have made pilgrimages to Washington. There will be no more of these, but there will be a discussion of the question and no treaty will be concluded that is not favorable to both counties.

In short, it will be for the United States to promote pilgrimages to Ottawa. It will be for us to beg and promise and lay down our presents. A Canadian said recently: "If the United States will just keep on sleeping we will be much obliged." This probably reflects the attitude of all of Canada toward us.

THE BONDAGE OF HATE.

Mr. William Barnes, Jr., member of the New York Republican state committee, was held for several years in very low opinion by that portion of the metropolitan press which reflects the views of Wall street. He was one of the "bossiets." He was but a "cheap, machine politician." It was intimated that he was party to legislative "holdups" and campaign "shake-downs." Altogether he was an unlovely person.

But, oh, how gently blows the winds vated to the nobility of statesmanship. His hopes shattered, he became a prominent citizen—one of the leading citizens, in fact. Having resigned from the state committee, he is become a martyr.

Why this about-face on the part of the Wall street echoes? Mr. Roosevelt has no standing in their sanctums. They don't like him. They don't approve of him. He is a dangerous man—to them and their causes. Mr. Barnes doesn't like today that once were cold and austere! Mr. Barnes is a different being than he was. He is no longer reviled. The cruel epithets are suppressed and the past is recalled with regret. The state committeeman, from the hateful position of wire-puller and deal-maker, has been elevated to Roosevelt either. He has found him a dangerous man, also—a dangerous man to defy and to insult. Mr. Barnes, once the "bossiet," is really, after all, when all things are considered, quite a somebody.

Hate binds souls together as love does.

He seems to have been chiefly concerned with preparing his friends for the end which he saw so clearly, and for the separation from his visible presence which would follow. He told them during those soul-trying days in the north country, of what was to come. It was then that Peter's flash of comprehension, and his fearless confession, comforted the heart of the suffering Teacher.

For Jesus was suffering, even as in Gethsemane. But he suffered nobly. There are two kinds of suffering: one regal and the other craven. Abdul Hamid, as he whimpers and complains in his Salonica exile, smoking countless cigarettes through the long days and sleepless nights, is an image of craven suffering. Jesus and the other martyrs of righteousness, bearing a great ordeal as those who know themselves to be inheritors of truth's eternal years, furnish the contrast. What man may do in divine endurance of untoward and undeserved adversity, Jesus has shown.

Foregleams of Glory.

Like the golden sunset over the Bosphorous, which bathes squalid Constantinople in celestial glory, so there come to even the most commonploce life experiences and visions of hope. Jesus had such in the Transfiguration. This transcendent hour strengthened his heart and the hearts of his disciples for the dark days ahead. All of the events of our todays and our yesterdays should prepare us for our tomorrows. It is true that we should live "a day at a time," but always in the light and power of the days that are gone. The Mount of Transfiguration was God's preparation for Mount Calvary. Yesterday always looks forward to today. A great love is the best equipment for the endurance of a great sorrow.

This anticipatory value of experiences should be a factor in character development. Just as the ancient crosses which are now showing through the Moslem frescoes in the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, hearten Christian believers in the conviction that this peerless Church is some day to be restored to its original use, so the crosses that peer through the experiences of life should prepare us for the heroic struggles and triumphs that lie ahead of us.

The New Law.

These final public ministries of Jesus which we now hold in review contain several profound deliverances respecting the new laws of his kingdom. First, in answer to a query of the active-minded Peter, he enunciated the new principle of forgiveness. The Old Testament, like the later Koran, says to smite enemies: Jesus says to forgive them. This is the new principle at work in the world. It is essential to the universal brotherhood to which Jesus looked forward. Only this can bind the nations and individuals together. As certain Arabs are known by gashes on their face, so Christians are to be known by their readiness to forgive.

His enemies tried to entangle the Master in some sophistries concerning divorce. He dared to announce, what his disciples today should be equally rigorous in affirming, that divorce, except for infidelity, is wrong and not permissable. Thie means a ne whcange in the social order, an enhanced sanctity of the family, and a permanency in the status of women which has proved revolutionary.

Again, following hard on this, Jesus uttered that beautiful truth which is as Christianity's crown upon the brow of childhood; "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for to such belongeth the kingdom of heaven." The latest legislation on the question of child labor has not got beyond the platform of Jesus.

The capitalist question, a labor question, and a question of religious politics—the ambition of Zebedee's sons—intruded themselves into the notice of the Master, who never shirked practical problems in his contemplation of high ideals. He solved them all by the pronouncement of new principles, which are as applicable today as then; and admittedly the best solutions of the welfare of the mass as well as of the individual. The recent multiplication of volumes upon social teachings of Jesus would seem to show that his laws are coming into their own.

A Hero and His Heroism.

No life in mode up of detached incidents; all form of whole, with essential relations of the parts. The triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalm is often contrasted with his journey forth, bearing a cross, to his death outside the wall. The truth is, they were in vital sequence. One followed the other as effect follows cause. For it was this trouphal entry, and the cleansing of the temple which immediately followed it, that brought to a climax, the plottings of his foes. He thereby defied the ecclesiastical power of his day, and he also attached powerful vested interests in interfering with the temple revenue.

The "safe" leader in religion is he who confines himself to denunciation of Islam and heathendom and the moral and religious shortcomings of Spain or Italy or South America. He may wax eloquent over the evils of the dance, the theatre, card playing, tobacco and liquor. Everybody applauds his eloquence, zeal and religious integrity so long as he attacks only these things. But let him once venture, as Jesus did, to arraign the perverted religious organizations of his day, and the far ramifying business corruptions, and he will find himself possessed of the luxury of formidable enemies in short order. None the less, the man who means to follow Jesus may not stop short of cleansing the temple of the Most High. To purify the church is the most direct method of ameliorating the condition of the world.

The Grand Assize.

The comfortable and easygoing habits of our day is to disregard a hereafter. We hear little about heaven, and less about hell. The issue of the final estate of man is generally dodged. In happy-go-lucky fashion we trust the future to take care of itself. None the less, in this review we are confronted by the fact that five of the quarter's lessons have to do with the teachings of Jesus in respect to the last judgment and the eternal life.

Cut out of the scheme of Christianity the conception of a future state, wherein all of earth's iniquities are made right, and the whole fabric collapses. If there is no other judiciary than we know in organized human society, then the tears of the defrauded widow, the wailings of hungry children, the groanings of myriads of oppressed and imprisoned, the anguish of the defrauded weak, all cry out in indictment of the whole vast scheme of things. The history of mankind is an inexplicable riddle unless wrongs are to be made right, and rewards and punishments to be apportioned justly, somehow and somewhere. Jesus plainly taught, "line upon line and precept upon precept," that there is a day of reckoning. The Great Judge would be less than just and omnipotent if He did not hold a final assize. That truth is a necessary comfort and admonition to humanity.

Post-Vacational.

You have heard the mildewed story
That tradition horned and hoary,
That it wearies one to roam,
Past a doubt.
That one vainly on vacation
Tries to find recuperation,
Till he hunts his happy home,
Tuckered out.

That abroad there is no comfort,
That a man must journey home for 't;
You have heard that whiskered wheeze.
Have you not?
'Tis a commonplace to cavil
At the "luxuries of travel;"
For in travel lack of ease
Is your lot.

You have heard that gag historic;
It was often sprung by Yorick;
It's as old as Noah's ark
And its crew.
It's the commonest (at basis)
Of all common commonplaces—
So we merely would remark
That—it's true.

—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Varieties

In India more than 50 native languages are spoken.

Over seven million pounds of tobacco were produced in the Transvaal in 1909.

On an average over 60 reputed centenarians die each year in England and Wales.

Sydney, Nova Scotia, has voted $[illegible] 000 subsidy and a free site for the establishment of a shipyard.

Of the United States' annual paint and varnish bill of $2,000,000 the railroads pay about one-tenth.

A woman in England may be a peeress by royal grant, but cannot sit in the house of parliament.

To designate the handling of a piece of work by machinery the word "manipulate" has been coined.

Cold storage plants of the United States have a total refrigeration capacity in excess of 200,000,000 cubic feet.

All of Michigan's industries have felt the influence of the state's boom in the manufacture of automobiles.

In the canal zone it is the custom to keep electric lights burning inside mosquitanos to prevent the wires rusting.

An effort is being made in France to form a great society for the protection of the big game of the world.

At Guaymas the federal government of Mexico will expend $3,500,000 [illegible] on a sea wall to inclose the inner harbor.

A machine has been invented for printing, developing and fixing postcard photographs at a high rate of speed.

The site for the Japanese government's new railway workshops at Tokio will cover 3,000,000 square feet.

In 1909 Japan exported earthenware and porcelain to the value of $1,514,000, and of this the United States took $[illegible] 442,841.

Owing to the difficulty of securing fresh eggs, most of the mining companies in Mexico have their own poultry yards.

The Argentine government plans to establish a school of dairying at one of the dairying centers of that country.

London has two municipal [illegible] courses: Brighton and Nottingham, [illegible] each; Edinburgh, ten, and Glasgow three.

We have in savings banks $3,500,000,000; in national banks, $4,500,000, and in state banks, $5,000,000—in all, $13,000,000,000.

In 1910 fiscal year Mexico's imports were $97,428,700 gold, increase $13,000,000 and her exports $130,028,000, decrease $14,500,000.

East of the Mississippi (omitting New Hampshire, Georgia and North Carolina) 60,000 dear were killed in 1908.

Of a total of 88,000 silk nightgowns exported by Japan in 1909, Great Britain called for 44,931 and the United States 25,951.

To guide airships which get above the clouds at night it is planned in Germany to send up baloons containing electric lights.

The baby that is born in Buenos Aires has a better chance of living than if it had been born in any other of the world's large cities.

Russia is planning the establishment of an extensive system of wireless telegraphy across Siberia and probably also over Russia.

A family occupancy of the New Jersey Bickleigh, Devon, of more than 200 years has been ended by the death of Jonathan Strong.

The average cost of telephone exchange maintenance is said to be much greater under government ownership than under private corporation.

Meat prices in Germany continue to advance so steadily that the people there are beginning to petition the federal government for relief.

About the only difference in investing $25 in a meerschaum pipe and sinking a similar sum in a willow plume is that smoking hurts you.

Japanese "soy" is exported chiefly to the United States, Hawaii, Port Arthur, Dalny and Korea, each taking approximately 400,000 gallons annually.

The per capita of money in this country is larger than in any other, save only France, and amounts to $35 for each of our 80,000,0000 people.

As a bottle opener a New Jersey man has patented a knife with a semi-circular recess in the handle near the end which holds the point of the blades.

Members of the Hingham (Norfolk, England) Rat and Sparrow club have destroyed 13,365 sparrows, 4,726 rats and 304 sparrows' eggs in eight months.

There has been a marked decrease in Canada's merchant marine during the last 35 years. In 1874 the tonnage was 1,158,863; in 1909 it was 718,553.

The army is experimenting with a new shell designed to pierce a vessel or building and then scatter scores of bullets carried by the shell in a solid steel head.

Uruguay is to spend $6,386,346 in harbor extensions and improvements at Montevideo. Over $5,000,000 is to be spent on improved port facilities at Genoa, Italy.

The French government is considering making Greenwich time the computing standard for that nation instead of the local time of Paris, now generally used.

To facilitate the handling of change, Washington man has patented a tray hinged in the center, to enable it to [illegible] either way, so that coins will not fall from it.

Germany has 28,000 co-operative associations, with more than 4,000,000 members with their families they represent nearly one-third of the total population of Germany.

The latest rendering of the Burns line, "Oh, wad some power," etc., is given by a London sewing paper thus, "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see some folk before they see us."

At Felixstowe, England, a fisherman lost his hook in attempting to land a fish. Immediately afterward the same fish, with the hook in its gills, was caught by another fisherman nearby.

The increase in the number of insane in the state of New York during the last 20 years has reached 97 per cent, while the population has increased in the same time only 53 per cent.

England sent last year to French West Africa 31,618 pounds of beads, so as to give the natives something to put on their string to play with. But for the beads England got about $2,500,000 worth of rubber.

If proposed legislation be enacted into law in Sweden the importation of proprietary medicines will be limited to those bearing a list of their ingredients on the label and sold within a price fixed by the government.

Nova Scotia expected to harvest in autumn a million barrels of apples, among them a large proportion of Gravensteins, the best of all apples. But owing to late and cold rains, the yield will not exceed 400,000 barrels.

Sheets of postage stamps carried in the pocketbook frequently stick together. When this happens do not soak the sheet, but lay them on a smooth surface and pass a hot flatiron over the face and [illegible]rates them without destroying the gum.

Great Britain imports much less live stock than formerly. In 1909 the record of live cattle were 54,000 less from the United States and 9,000 less from Canada than in the previous year. At the same time it imported a greatly increased quantity of canned beef.

An English inventor has devised a new metallic filament electric lamp for which the claim is made that one of eight candle power will give 40 hours' brilliant light for 2 cents, when the current is supplied at 6 cents a unit. This would be the price of electric light far below that of gas.

Natural gas fuel is reported as used for the locomotives of the Texas, Arkansas & Louisiana railway. The gas is carried in a tank on the tender, sufficient tank capacity being provided for 400 hours' run. The line has two locomotives and one car, and is credited with 600 miles of track.

Onata Watanna, the Japanese authoress, who in private life is Mrs. Herbert Babcock, scorns to attend a social function unless it is given at night. In daylight she uses for golf. So fascinated is she with the game that she spends most of her time, when she is not writing, on the links.

Some remarkable rain records were made on the island of Jamaica last November. The maximum rainfall occurred at mountain stations in the eastern part of the island, viz., 135 inches in eight days at Silver

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SENATOR DOLLIVER DEAD

Iowa Senator Was Chief Orator and Debater of Anti-Aldrich Band.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The death of Senator Dolliver will prove a serious blow to the progressive Republicans of the senate. He was one of the ten who powerfully opposed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and voted against it on final passage. His antagonism to all the pet plans of the administration was so pronounced that he became with Senators Bristow, La Follette and Cummins an "outlaw," being denied access to the White House or any share in the distribution of federal patronage.

Senator Dolliver was by all odds the best rapid fire debater in the senate. He was quick of speech, witty and resourceful. He always had an instant answer for any question, no matter how intricate or unexpected, and was easily the superior of all his associates in that respect. For that reason he became the chief orator of the insurgents and was their main spokesman during the tariff debates and the discussion of railroad legislation.

Headed Big Committee.

Through seniority, Mr. Dolliver became head of the committee on agriculture, which is one of importance, handling more than $13,000,000 for the service and a large number of bills. It was believed that he could be prevented from openly joining the insurgents by making him a member of the finance committee, just prior to the framing of the Payne-Aldrich bill, but that opinion proved erroneous. When it was found that he would not co-operate with the Aldrich faction of regulars the place was not given to him.

The death of Dolliver will probably also prove a numerical loss to the progressives, as his successor will be named by Gov. Carroll, who is a regular. It is predicted here that Gov. Carroll will appoint George P. Perkins to succeed Dolliver for the short term. Perkins is editor of the Sioux City Journal. He made the race for the senatorship against Mr. Cummins, being defeated in the primaries. Others mentioned in connection with the honor are Lafayette Young, editor of the Des Moines Capital, a veteran Republican leader who placed Mr. Roosevelt in nomination for the vice presidency at Philadelphia in 1900; John F. Lacy, a stalwart leader who served eight or nine terms in the house, and Col. W. P. Hepburn, an anti-Cummins man, who was a member of the house for 20 years.

Cummins Controls Legislature.

As Mr. Cummins is in control of the legislature, that body will name a man for his selection when the time comes to elect. Among those who will undoubtedly be candidates for the places are Garst, who made the race for the gubernatorial nomination in the recent primaries; Attorney General Byers, who is one of the leaders in the Cummins organization, and Judge Prouty, of Des Moines, who was nominated in the primaries for congress against John A. T. Hall, the veteran regular leader.

It was not until nearly two years ago that Senator Dolliver severed all old ties and cast his lot with the progressives. Prior to that time he had been identified with the regular organization, first in the house where he served for many years and later in the senate. In the senatorial fight conducted by Albert B. Cummins against William B. Allison, Mr. Dolliver threw his support to Mr. Allison.

PRESIDENT TAFT WIRES SYMPATHY TO WIDOW

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 17.—President Taft Sunday sent the following telegram:

"Mrs. J. P. Dolliver, Fort Dodge, Ia.:

"Mrs. Taft and I extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow. The senate has lost one of its ablest debaters and most brilliant statesmen. The country has lost a faithful public servant.

"William H. Taft."

Senators to Attend.

Washington, Oct. 17.—Vice President Sherman has designated the following members to act as a committee from the United States senate to attend the funeral of the late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, at Fort Dodge next Thursday:

Senators Cummins, Bailey, Elkins, Paynter, Nelson, Burrows, Kean, Clapp, Beveridge, Shively, Burkett and Money.

NO MORE BALD HEADS?

Baltimore Specialist Says Baldness Is Unnecessary, and Proves It.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 19.—The intense interest in the wonderful work that is being accomplished in Baltimore and other cities by William Chas. Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues unabated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remarkable preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's laboratory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popular is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advised to write to Mr. Keene at the Lorrimer Institute Branch 565, Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and certain improvement.

CLEWS HAS MYSTERY MODEL

Beautiful Brunette Now Posing for Society Artist at Newport.

Newport, Oct. 15.—When Henry Clews, Jr., the artist, society and clubman, advertised for a slender blonde type of young woman to pose in his studio on the Cliffs last month, there were no applicants of the blonde type, but a tall, slender and pretty brunette has been posing for him at intervals since, and her identity seems to have been cleverly guarded.

Mr. Clews is to remain at his studio for some time to come, which leads to the belief that he has received a commission to paint some member of the cottage settlement.

KAISER BOOSTS WATER WAGON

Emperor Tells Students to Drink Less, Exercise More.

Berlin, Oct. 15.—The emperor and empress gave a state banquet last night, concluding the celebration of the centenary of the University of Berlin. Among the guests were many of the foreign delegates, including Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, New York; Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale; Dr. Marion D Learned, of Pennsylvania, and Professor Arnold Hague, of Washington.

During the course of the dinner the emperor gave orders that a number of students, who dined at a special table in the gallery, be presented to him. He engaged them in conversation, urging less drinking of alcoholic liquors, and addin gthat the students must devote more attention to outdoor sports, as the students do in America.

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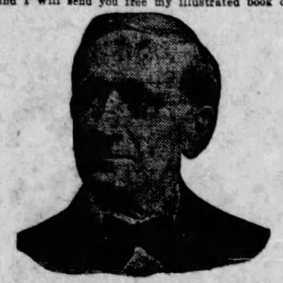

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GUARD KETCHEL SLAYER

Man Who Killed Prize Fighter Admits Crime and Pleads Self-Defense.

Springfield, Mo., Oct. 17.—Walter A. Hurtz, who shot and killed Stanley Ketchel, world's middleweight champion, Saturday morning, was captured Sunday at the home of Thomas Haggard, one mile from Niangua Mo. Hurtz was taken to the Webster county jail at Marshfield, where he is being closely guarded.

After being placed in his cell the prisoner made a statement in which he said he shot Ketchel in self-defense. He says he ordered the prizefighter to throw up his hands, and fired when he did not obey him.

Late Sunday night, overcome with hunger and fatigue from fleeing through the rough Ozark country, Hurtz reached the home of Thomas Haggard, where he applied for a place to sleep and something to eat. He was given food and a bed. At that time Haggard had not heard of the shooting, but a short time later learned of the affair. He also received a description of the slayer and for several hours, while Hurtz was sleeping he stood guard with a shotgun.

Farmers Identify Him.

Shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday morning Haggard secured the services of three neighbors and they awakened Hurtz at the point of a gun. They forced the man to roll up his sleeves and, finding a tattoo mark there, accused him of having killed Ketchel. The man then admitted the shooting. He was then turned over to the officers and taken to Marshfield.

Hurtz, in telling the story of the killing, asserts Ketchel made insulting remarks to Goldie Smith, a cook employed at the farm. He says words passed between Ketchel and himself and he then demanded that the prize fighter throw up his hands. When the champion refused to do this, he said, he was so frightened, knowing Ketchel carried a revolver, that he fired, and without hardly realizing what he had done, fled.

Goldie Smith, the woman in the case, has been taken to the Webster county jail and will be held pending an inquest which will be held today.

Funeral services over the body of the fighter were held at the Elks' club here Sunday, and today the corpse will be taken to Grand Rapids, Mich., the home of Ketchel's parents. The body will be accompanied by R. P. Dickerson, with whom Ketchel was visiting at the time he decided to buy a ranch in this county.

The officers here assert that Ketchel's slayer last night admitted that his real name is Walter Dipley; that his home is at Webb City, Mo., and that he is a deserter from the United States navy. To avoid detection he roamed over the country, working as a barber until he met Goldie Smith at Bluff, Christian county, Mo., a month ago. The two came here and secured work on the Dickerson ranch.

MISS LUCY HAYES WILL WED

Jefferson Davis' Granddaughter to Marry Painter's Son.

Colorado Springs, Col., Oct. 14.—It was announced here today that Miss Lucy Hayes, granddaughter of Jefferson Davis, is to wed George Bawser Young, son of the late Harvey Young, the famous painter of western landscapes. No date for the wedding has been set.

Miss Hayes' mother, Mrs. Margaret Howell Jefferson Davis Hayes, was the daughter of Jefferson Davis.

OHIO HAS 32,051 AUTOS

Leads All States, With Possible Exception of New York.

Columbus, Oct. 17.—Ohio leads all other states, with the possible exception of New York, in the number of automobiles owned by her citizens. The Callan law requiring the owners of automobiles to register their machines has just become operative, so that State Registrar Fred H. Caley, for the Ohio department, was unable to secure the figures for the Empire state.

The total number of autos in Ohio as shown by Registrar Caley's report for the month of September, filed with the secretary of state Saturday, is 32,051, as compared with 30,505 in Pennsylvania, 28,272 in Massachusetts, 25,520 in New Jersey and 21,081 in Illinois. Indiana has only 9,110. The receipts of the Ohio department for the month of September from license fees were $5,294.

TAFT WILL GO TO PANAMA

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 14.—President Taft will sail for the Isthmus of Panama on November 10 from Charleston, S. C. He will make the trip on the armored cruiser North Carolina and will be convoyed by the sister ship, the Montana.

These are the same vessels used by Mr. Taft in his Panama trip just before his inauguration. The president will be gone about twelve days. The North Carolina and Montana can make the journey in each direction in four days. This will give Mr. Taft about four days on the Isthmus.

ROOSEVELT FLAYS BOSS

Declares Wall Street and Tammany Hall Recall the Days of Tweed.

Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 15.—With one broadside for Tammany Hall and another for Wall Street, Theodore Roosevelt opened his campaign yesterday for the Republican state ticket.

The text of his speech was "Wall Street and Tammany Hall Have Struck Hands." His slogan was: "You are wanted in room 212. Are you going?" Room 212 in a Rochester hotel was occupied by Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, during the Democratic state convention.

Back in his native state from his southern tour, Col. Roosevelt started things going in his first speech of the day at Dunkirk. Then he sped on his special train through the grape country of western New York, up the picturesque valley of the Allegheny, then down the Chemung valley. He spoke at Fredonia, Sinclairville, Gerry, Jamestown, Salamanca, Wellsville, Hornell, Corning and Elmira. The crowds in the early part of the day were not large and there was little cheering. Later in the day the crowds grew larger and there was more enthusiasm.

Only One Theme.

Col. Roosevelt had only one theme for his speeches. It was what he termed the alliance between Wall Street and Tammany Hall which, he said, was the most complete alliance between corrupt business and corrupt political bosses which the state had seen since the days of Tweed. If the Democrats should win the election, he said, Tammany Hall and Wall Street would dominate the state to the detriment of the people.

Col. Roosevelt fought for the Republican ticket in New York state as energetically as he fought for the Republican ticket in Indiana. He pledged his word that Mr. Stimson, if elected governor, would administer his office for all the people.

"Room 212."

"If my career, if my life means anything," he said at Jamestown, "it means that I never say on the stump anything I do not say in private, that I never say anything I don't believe, and that I don't make a promise unless I try to keep it. So I ask you to take my words at their face value when I speak to you."

In all of his speeches Col. Roosevelt emphasized what he said was the complete domination of the Democratic convention by Mr. Murphy.

"Everything was settled in a room, the private room of the boss of Tammany Hall, Mr. Murphy," he said. "Whenever Mr. Murphy wanted to see any delegate, whether for the purpose of discipline, or to be beneficient to him, the peremptory message was sent out: 'You are wanted in room 212.' The whole matter was settled in room 212, and the convention with humble eagerness responded to the message sent out. 'You are wanted in room 212,' and now Mr. Murphy, as the agent and ally of Wall street sends to the people of the state, 'You are wanted in room 212.'

"Well, are you going?" Mr. Roosevelt shouted to his hearers.

Col. Roosevelt is due back in New York today. There he will meet some of the state committee and will outline his further campaign.

I AM NOT AFRAID OF APPENDICITIS

I Can Eat All I Want to Now. I'm Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

Have you wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea, heavy feeling after eating or any other bowel or stomach trouble? Then you are almost sure to get a sudden attack of the treacherous Appendicitis at some time when you least expect it.

Do you want to get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble? To be positively safe from Appendicitis? So you can eat anything you want and as much as you want without ever giving Appendicitis a thought?

Then write your name below, enclose a 2-cent stamp, and you will get the ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells what only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2-cent stamp. Address: Adlerika Co., Dept. 21, St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Address .....

GIVES HER LIFE BLOOD IN VAIN

Woman Twice Submits to Operation to Save Husband.

New York, Oct. 14.—With his arm tightly bound to that of his wife and with her blood pouring into his veins in an attempt to save his life, Harry Fulcher, a Brooklyn policeman, died in St. John's hospital in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon.

It was the second time within 12 hours that Mrs. Fulcher had submitted to the transfusion and she was so weak that it was necessary to lift her from the table when her arm was unbound from the lifeless body of her husband.

During the remainder of the afternoon, before the news of Fulcher's death became known in the police department, a large number of his fellow officers called at the hospital to offer their blood for their comrade. An appeal for volunteers for this service had been sent out.

Personal to Consumptives.

I possess information which cost me a fortune, and feel that I should let every consumptive know about my experience. Mrs. M. M. Reynolds, Central National Bank, Columbus, O.

ANOTHER WOMAN FINDS STAR

Discovery Made by Mrs. Fleming Is Thirteenth to Sex's Credit.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 15.—Still another new star has been discovered by Mrs. Williamina Fleming of the Harvard college observatory, according to an announcement made by Prof. Edward C. Pickering last night.

There have been only sixteen new stars found during the last 25 years, and of these thirteen have been discovered by the women assistants of this observatory. One was by Miss A. J. Cannon, two by Miss H. S. Levitt from photographic charts, and ten by Mrs. Fleming from the Draper memorial photographs.

The new star, the approximate position of which is right ascension 16 hours, 31 minutes, 4 seconds, declination minus 52 hours, 10 minutes, 6 seconds, was discovered by Mrs. Fleming in the constellation Ara on Oct. 13.

HONOR PEACE ON BATTLE DATE

Jubilee to Be One of Features of Gettysburg Celebration.

Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 14.—A great peace jubilee will be one of the features of the 50th celebration in 1913 of the battle of Gettysburg, if action taken here today by the representatives of all the states in charge of the arrangements for the semi-centennial is carried out. It was decided that the celebration shall cover four days, July 1, 3, 3 and 4, and that the fourth day be in the nature of a peace jubilee.

MOTORMEN WANTED Big Pay and Sure Position
Also Conductors. Doesn't this beat following a plow? We fit you at home by mail for these good paying positions. Hundreds of positions now open for our graduates. This is the school endorsed by electric railway managers everywhere. Write for full information FREE. OFFICIAL R.T. SCHOOL, Gen'l Offices, 407 Freeport, Ill.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Every Woman Glad who sends 2c stamp for our Illustrated Catalog of Hygienic Goods, Toilet Necessities, Drugs, etc. WEBSTER SPECIALTY CO., Dept. T 40 Chicago

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 35 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights. Rights revived though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

SKUNK We buy Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all other raw furs at highest market prices, and give liberal assortments and "A square deal" to everyone. Price list free. M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., WH174, Chicago.

NECESSITIES FOR WOMEN Send 2c stamp for illustrated catalog of rubber goods, toilet necessities, drugs, druggists' sundries, etc. Desk 2, Adv. M. O. House, 56 Fifth ave., Chicago.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

OLD COINS $7.75 paid for rare date 1853 Quarters, $20 for a $5. Keep all money coined before 1884, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Dept. 63, Le Roy, N. Y.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

YOUR washing made easy and the clothes snow white. Particulars free. Address Washeasy Co., B. St., Chicago, Ill.

10 FANCY POST CARDS, new, dandies, 4c O. McKinnon Co., Templeton, Mass.

Try This FREE

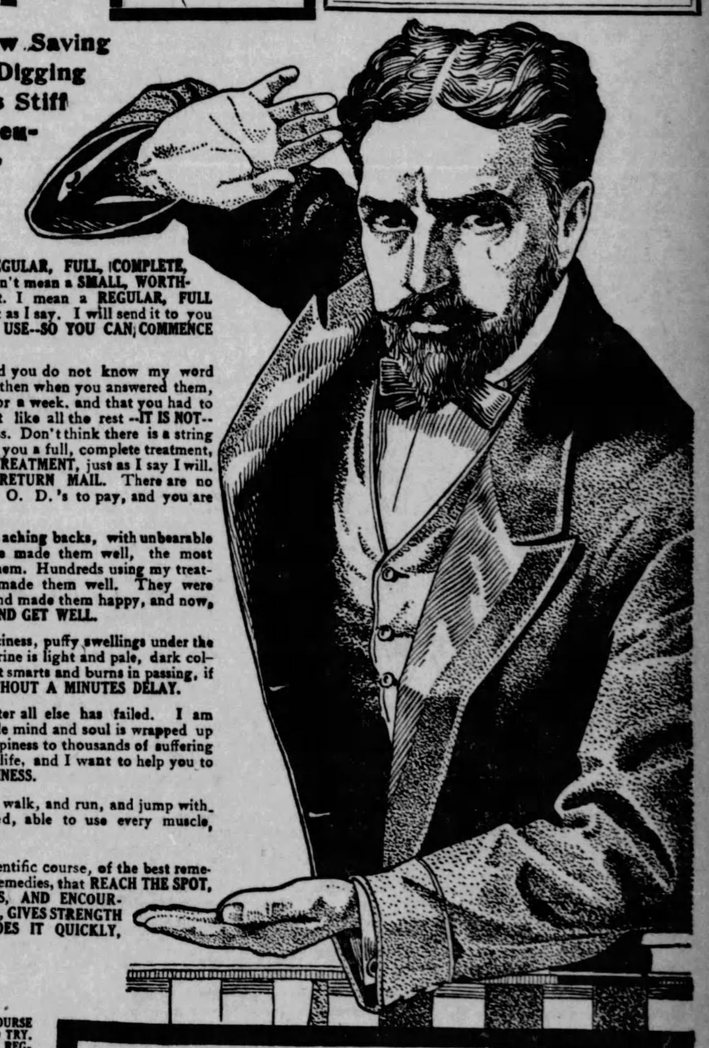
Stops Backache. Cures Kidneys, Bladder Rheumatism

I will send you a Regular Full Complete Course Treatment Not a Sample Not a Trial Not a Test Not a Proof Treatment, but A Full, Complete Course

$1,000.00 REWARD

Dr. DeWerth will pay $1,000.00 IN GOLD to any person who can show that he does not send full treatments free to try as he promises in this announcement.

My New Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment is Now Saving Thousands From That Back-Breaking, Digging Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets Those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, and Soothes Those Unbearable Bladder Troubles at once; as if by Magic.



Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE, THREE-FOLD LEXOID, COMBINED COURSE OF TREATMENT--FREE TO TRY. I don't mean a SMALL, WORTHLESS SAMPLE, or a TRIAL TEST TREATMENT, that you can't tell anything about. I mean a REGULAR, FULL TREATMENT, and when I say a full treatment, I MEAN A FULL TREATMENT, just as I say. I will send it to you COMPLETE--CHARGES PAID--DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR--READY FOR YOU TO USE--SO YOU CAN COMMENCE YOUR CURE AT ONCE.

You may not believe my offer, because you do not know me personally, and you do not know my word is good as gold. You may have seen ads before, offering full treatments, and then when you answered them, found out that in each case you got a small trial treatment, lasting a few days or a week, and that you had to send money first to get the full treatment, and you may think this offer is just like all the rest--IT IS NOT--please don't think I am trying to fool you—No—I don't do that kind of business. Don't think there is a string to this offer—there are no strings to this offer—NO INDEED. I said I would send you a full, complete treatment, and I WILL DO SO. You won't be fooled. I will send you a REGULAR, FULL TREATMENT, just as I say I will. I will send it charges paid, as soon as I hear from you--THE SAME DAY--BY RETURN MAIL. There are no promises to make—no papers to sign—no references to give—no charges or C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obligated to spend a penny.

I have helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and I have made them well, the most chronic, severe, long standing obstinate cases, after all else had failed to cure them. Hundreds using my treatment in despair, have gone their way rejoicing. They were hopeless, and it made them well. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now, I offer my wonderful treatment to you—FREE TO TRY—TAKE IT—USE IT—AND GET WELL.

If you have backache, KIDNEY, BLADDER TROUBLE or RHEUMATISM, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark coloured or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, YOU NEED MY TREATMENT WITHOUT A MINUTES DELAY.

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else has failed. I am successful in my life work, because I love it. I love my profession. My whole mind and soul is wrapped up in it, and I am happy. You would be happy too, if you were bringing happiness to thousands of suffering people right along, as I am now. I love to feel I am helping people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life, and enjoy every minute of TRUE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

I want to help you to get well, and be strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain, so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, chord, and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to have my regular FULL COMPLETE TREATMENT. My new scientific course, of the best remedies in the world for such diseases. Harmless, soothing, healing, penetrating remedies, that REACH THE SPOT, DRIVES AWAY URIC ACID, CLEANSES, PURIFIES, STRENGTHENS, INVIGORATES, AND ENCOURAGES THE KIDNEYS TO PROPERLY FILTER THE BLOOD. THAT STOPS THE PAIN, GIVES STRENGTH TO THE NERVES, NEW LIFE AND AMBITION TO THE MIND AND BODY, AND DOES IT QUICKLY, QUIETLY, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME.

MY UNEQUALED OFFER

Now here is my offer—I will send you A REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE, THREE-FOLD LEXOID COURSE OF TREATMENT, WITHOUT A PENNY IN ADVANCE--CHARGES PAID--READY TO USE--FREE TO TRY. I don't mean a SAMPLE, or a TRIAL, or a TEST, such as others call PROOF TREATMENTS. I MEAN A REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE, COURSE OF REMEDIES--SO YOU CAN START YOUR CURE AT ONCE.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, AND SEE JUST WHAT IT DOES. Then when you know it has helped you, WHEN YOU KNOW YOU ARE GETTING BETTER, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part and send me some money, WHEN IT HELPS YOU--AND YOUR WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. It will help you quickly. It will not fail. But you are to pay nothing UNTIL IT DOES. Use it first, pay afterwards when you know. NOT B

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

A RUSH of crisp, frosty air when you opened the door into the street; a crimson maple leaf—a plaything of the wind—lying on the sidewalk like a bit of drift from some forest; skies a little darkened by a veil of smoke, thickened since the time has come when fires are needed to make warm houses; a little mite of a girl, taking very short steps in a very long fur coat; a man standing on a corner eating chestnuts; these were signs of autumn in Toledo that greeted you from the outdoors the other morning. You noticed that the flowers in the window boxes are in their last bloom, and that window-box vines are growing thin and straggling.

The summer show is almost out and over. What is left of the summer show looks like five o'clock in the afternoon of the last day at a county fair.

Where the "busy marts of trade" are you know things will be up-to-date, and the autumn merchandise displays in their full glory. You decide to go there, and, someway, you go first to the wholesale places, where are assembled the products of the soil and orchards. The first hint of the coming holidays is there in the shape of scarlet cranberries in bushel baskets, lined along the sidewalk in brave array. There are boxes of celery; barrels of apples; barrels of squashes; baskets of quinces; barrels of potatoes; hills of pumpkins; baskets of grapes; baskets of onions, red, white and yellow; baskets of chestnuts; baskets of green peppers and baskets of peaches, probably the last of this year's crop, blushing rosily under pink netting.

All of these things make a mass of brilliant color, painted by the sun. You think the sun is a great artist, and knows how and where to lay on color. You think, too, that the display of fall fruits and vegetables is a free show worth seeing, and you sigh a little when you remember that the cruel fate of all these things of beauty is to be baked, boiled, fried or canned, and finally eaten. However, man must eat to live, which is better than to live to eat.

Maybe you like to loaf around the places of fruits and vegetables, so you loaf awhile, being careful not to get under foot or in the way of those who are hurrying about, getting consignments ready to ship, or unloading wagons, or doing the various and sundry things attending the wholesale fruit and vegetable business. Things must be kept moving fast in this business, and not much time may elapse in the transfer between the producer and consumer. This is one of the cases where nature may not be left to take its course.

From the places of things to eat, you go to the places of things to wear, where all that you need in order to be arrayed in gorgeous fall and winter attire, is ready money in large quantities. It is fall and winter in the shop windows, beyond a question. The lovely wax ladies smile their unchanging smiles above gowns of winter fabrics; above furs and winter coats. Everything is the very latest, you are told by the explanatory placards in the windows. In persuasive words they assure you, that here is the place to enter and get supplied any long-felt want from which you may be suffering. Perhaps the cards do not say this exactly, but it is what they imply.

"Authentic styles" you read on a card in one of the windows. You are glad to know the gowns and hats and coats are authentic in style, but it may be that, down in the depths of your heart, you are equally glad you will not be punished if you are not clad in garments marked "authentic." Style or fashion is something you may do as you please about, without being held in scorn and derision. If the style does not please you, you do not have to be stylish, though, of course, it is human nature to like to be in the swim.

The show windows filled with ready-to-wear for men and boys are of sombre hue, brightened a bit by the gay neckties and hosiery, which men who like color are allowed to wear. Color and texture of fabrics tell that cold weather is heading this way, and the time is coming when we must be protected from wintry blasts and snow underfoot.

Well, seasons will come and seasons will go, no matter what our objections. We cannot delay them or make them work overtime. With reluctance we bid farewell to summer, but this is sure, there is always another one coming. It is well to remember this and cheer up, instead of sighing dolefully: "How I dread the winter!"

You stop before the windows where are the vanities in the shape of things that glitter; ornaments with which we may adorn ourselves. Real and imitation gems flash and sparkle, and are cunningly arranged before mirrors which multiply their number and repeat their charms.

Nothing but tinsel, you may say, but show me the woman, or the man either, for that matter, who does not like a bit of tinsel in some form or other, mixed in with the stern realities, now and then.

You pause before an array of hairgoods, to stand and wonder at the astonishing creations of puffs and braids and curls, all ready to take off at night and pin on in the morning. Back hair is included in the ready-to-wear articles these days, and you never can tell, unless you are one of the initiated, whether a woman is wearing her own, or some other woman's crowning glory.

The flowers in the florists' windows tell you again, it is autumn, and gay signs of autumn are repeated over and over throughout the business section of the city.

In the residence portion, things that grow are in the sere and yellow, getting ready to take their rest, so they may come out fresh and new in the spring. One often reads and hears of the autumn sadness. What is the use of there being autumn sadness? It is the time when the things that make us glad go to rest, so that they may again fulfill their mission.

If you will, you may always read in the signs of the seasons gladness and promise, instead of sadness and finality. Look for the glad signs, rather than the sad signs, if you want to help make yourself happy.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Here are my regards to you and I hope you are all doing the best you can in the line of being well and happy. If you are that way yourself, you are going to make others feel the same.

It is a common failing to think other people are selfish if they will not do what you think they ought to do.

The mountains we build from molehills are piled as high as the Rockies, but they need not be as everlasting.

More faith and less suspicion will put a brighter face on the world if you think none is trustworthy. Change your mind.

We have to live only one day at a time. It is folly to darken the day with fears of what may happen in the future.

The old rule of the road, "Turn to the right as the law directs," may have more than one application.

It rests largely with ourselves whether we are happy or miserable. We can think ourselves either way.

The more you grumble and complain, the more you are going to find to grumble and complain about.

Fussing never does you any good or gets you anywhere. Forget to fuss.

Don't get the idea into your head that life is not worth living. Find some way to make it worth while. Somewhere there is someone who needs you.

Cherish health of mind as you cherish health of body.

Be a well-wisher if you would have well-wishing.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

HER EXPERIENCE

One of the Cozy Corner letters for the past week, gave this query for our answering: "Is it advisable or wise for persons to marry with a difference in ages of twenty years; a man of forty, to a woman of twenty, for instance?"

The writer of the first letter received in answer to this query, assumes that the inquirer is a woman, and so, writes accordingly. The letter follows:

Here is my answer and experience for the lady, who wished to know about marrying a man so much older than herself. In the first place, I wish to tell of an old Quaker preacher who had just married a young couple. In giving them a little advice regarding their future conduct, he said, "I would now advise thee to get two bears and keep them in the house, namely, bear and forbear."

Now my advice is, unless you can learn to bear with each other, or think you can, and are willing to try, you would better put matrimony out of your minds, whether old or young, for there will be plenty of it to do, in either case. I know whereof I speak, as my husband is fourteen years older than I, but to see us in our daily home life, you would never guess it, except for our looks. None can deny a slight difference in appearance between thirty-eight and twenty-four.

Inquirer speaks of a difference in tastes. Of course there will be a difference, but she must remember everyone has as much right to likes and dislikes as she has, and they better talk this over. Unless they can agree to divide up things, they had better stay apart. It is purely a matter of love. Where genuine love exists, there will be no friction.

My husband and I have been married five years. Both of us have sacrificed and given up a great deal, but my husband is just as much a lover now, and more, in fact, than before our marriage, and I try to be the same to him. The first three years of our married life, I confess with shame, that I was an awful baby. Yes, that is just the word, and my husband always indulged my whims without a word, and with kindness and lovingness. Then there came a day when I was substantially informed of the fact that I must give up the role of baby, and play a bigger part, the part of mother. It came to me what I must have seemed to my husband before. Since then I have tried, and I am glad to say, I have succeeded in being a woman, and not a child. Our baby is two years old now, and an extremely important factor in our home, and I defy anyone to find three happier people anywhere.

In conclusion let me say, that real happiness comes only to those who try to make others happy, and who are not looking and working always for the gratification of their own desires, but, let me tell you—just lean a little closer so I can whisper—men like a little petting occasionally, and a little mixed in now and then adds to the pleasure of living and loving, and will repay you manifold.

Again let me say, if you love the man really and truly, marry him. If you do not, stop thinking of it in anyway. Unless you truly love, don't marry any man, for you will find just as many molehills to make mountains of with a young man as with an older one. It is nine chances out of ten that the older one would be the most reasonable of the two, and if you both love in the right way, the mountains will disappear—at least we find it so. We are very, very happy, and we like to see everybody else that way, so here's hopin'.—Happy from Indiana.

ANOTHER OPINION

I should like to say to Inquirer of Tennessee, that I married a man, twenty-five years older than myself, and lived with him for forty-two years. He was as kind as the general run of men. With my experience I say, never marry a man more than five years older than yourself, if you wish for congenial happiness; for I believe it to be impossible, for a young woman to love an old man as she should love her husband. The relationship will be more like father and daughter, than husband and wife.

God intended marriage to be holy, and the united ones to be as one, but how can this be with a great difference in ages?—A Friend, Ohio.

FALL FESTIVALS

The amusements in this part of Ohio are the so-called fall festivals or street fairs. Numerous chautauques are springing up around us. The one which has been longest established, and the one I have most frequently visited is situated in a beautiful park. There is an artificial lake for boating and bathing and quite a variety of entertainments are given in the auditorium. Among the many fine things I have heard and seen, there is nothing that memory seems to hold with a stronger grasp than a performance by an entertainer in which he showed how a man sewed on a button. He alternately lost needle and thread. As he grabbed one, he lost the other. Having at last gotten the needle and thread together, and having succeeded in getting the needle threaded, he tied a large knot on the end of the thread and proceeded to sew, pulling on the thread like it was a rope. Is this a true picture?

In the auditorium is the usual variety of devotionals, sermons, lectures and music. Then there is the magician and chalk-talker, the elocutionist and the magic lantern and moving picture show, which, with the attractions of the lake and park for boating, walking and out-door exercise, combine restful, healthful recreation with instruction and entertainment.

Then there are the special days, such as Farmer's day, W. C. T. U. and G. A. R. day, Sunday school rally and C. S. S. C. day. New attractions are added each year. I suppose these Chautauqua assemblies which have sprung up all over the country are modeled after the original assembly at Chautauqua, N. Y. On Chautauqua day they have a speaker who sets forth the advantages of the course of reading. The books used in it are there for sale, and spread out on a table for examination. There never seems to be many new graduates or much of a rally of the alumnae. We have several graduates in this part of the country. There are about a dozen in this town of whom I am one, but they do not combine to make a special feature of the day. I read the interesting description of Chautauqua, N. Y., given on the Household page. Some from our town went there to graduate in the '90's.

What has become of Mrs. Fogleman, Aunt Sadie, Happy Medium and some others, who have not written for awhile.—Aunt Florence, Quaker City, Ohio.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Good day to you, I hope it will be a good day with all of you.

The letters written to the Cozy Corner, could not be better. To the many who have sent in receipes, I say "thank you." They will be published from time to time.

Mrs. William Reimann:—We are glad to hear from you again and to have another story of early days. It will be published soon.

Well, here's hoping; now and forever.

Some things you have to remember: Sign your real name to your letter; keep the good cheer work a-going in your letters and at home and abroad; keep up your subscription to The Blade—we are going to be better than ever—and write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page. This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

SWEET POTATO PIE

Bake the sweet potatoes and cut them in half-inch slices, put them in a pie plate on the lower crust, fill the plate and sprinkle with butter and sugar and a little water. Put on the upper crust and bake.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Human kindness is divine. Grant me the strength always to be kind.

MONDAY

There is joy in work as well as in play, if I carry with me a joyous spirit.

TUESDAY

I should not always be too sure that others are to blame for the troubles I may have. Am I faultless?

WEDNESDAY

A smile will often win where a frown will only block the way.

THURSDAY

May I believe in those I love as I would have them believe in me.

FRIDAY

To speak kindly, to think kindly, to act kindly, will make of this a kindly day.

SATURDAY

In this week, if there has been unpleasantness, let it pass with the week. Tomorrow will be a fresh beginning.

ELIZABETH.

FROM THE CHILDREN

—From Little Folks.

BOBBING FOR APPLES. A HALLOW'EEN GAME.

Dear Little Friends of the Blade—My sister and I are writing a letter to you. My father takes the Blade and we enjoy reading the children's letters.

We both are deaf. We go to Mt. Airy school for the deaf. My sister Lottie is 12 years old and I am 14 years old. We live on a large farm in Pennsylvania.

We help our mother work on the farm. We iron, churn, wash the dishes, sweep and keep the house neat.

We go to school in September and stay there nine months. Sometimes we get homesick to come back on the farm.

This is our first letter. If you can use it we will write again sometime. Good-bye.—From Elva and Lottie Robbins, Pennsylvania.

A TRUE STORY

Two years ago, while my cousin and I were taking a walk, we came to a wheat field. My cousin said to me, "Listen!"

I listened and we heard a small chicken peeping. We went on a little farther, and the peeping seemed to be back of us. We went back, and found a small chicken. It had rained all the night before, and the little chicken was almost drowned. We thought it had fallen on the wheat stubble. My cousin said, "We must kill it."

While she was finding a stick to kill it with, I took the chicken and lifted it up, and found it had only got the wheat stubble between its wing and body. It was too weak to lift itself. I called to my cousin and told her I had the chicken up. We took it home, put it by its mother, and it lived to be quite a large hen.—Jennie Dell, Michigan.

Dear Boys and Girls—As I have seen no letters from this part of New York state, I thought I would write a few lines. My people take The Blade and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I am a boy, eleven years old. I go to school every day and am in the fifth grade. During vacation, I am my mother's "hired girl." I help her with the dishes, make beds, and do lots of housework. I wonder how many boys of my age can get a meal and wash the dishes all alone. I like housework better than farmwork.

Hoping to see this in print, as it is my first letter, I am yours,—A New York Kid.

Dear Children:—Will you admit me to your happy circle? I enjoy reading the letters from the children and always turn to that page first. I think Elizabeth is very kind to give us a corner although she cannot publish all of the letters. Do not get mad when you do not see your letters in print. This is the third or fourth time I have written and I have never seen any of my letters in print, but I am not in the least discouraged. I live near Hiser, West Virginia, in Grant county, where I can see hills and mountains all the time.

We raise apples, peaches, pears and grapes. There was hardly any fruit in this section this summer. Mamma and I have nearly 150 young chickens. I have a rabbit that is white and black spotted. I bought it of a little gypsy boy.

We live near a creek that is called North Mill creek. I go to school in winter all I can. I have gone to school three winters without missing a day. Our school is named the Brake school. I have a colt named Dick; he is two years old. My two oldest brothers have colts, too. My brothers' names are Carl, Elton and Curtis. My sister's name is Carmen.

We go to a Baptist Sunday school in the morning and to a Brethren Sunday school in the afternoon. Well I guess I have written enough for this time, so goodbye.—Dora Hiser, West Virginia.

I am a boy 12 years old. I like to read the children's letters very much, so I thought I would write one. I have two little sisters, Carrie, age 7, and Lucille, age three.

I live on a farm. Our house was struck by lightning the first day of last May and burned to the ground. We are living in the summer house at present. We are going to move this fall close to grandpa. That will be nice, for I love to go there.

There is going to be a Sunday school picnic near here next Saturday. I want to go.

Hoping to see my letter in print, I will sign my name, Bryce of the summer house, Ohio.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—One day in August, a party of eleven of us, with our lunches in boxes, started out to see Whetzle's Rock. It is about five miles distant from Gaysport, Ohio. Thinking it best to eat our lunches before we reached our destination, we stopped for that purpose under some fine shade trees and then continued our journey. It was about twelve o'clock when we arrived but what a time we had making the trip. We went through a wood, and then down, down,—Oh, would we ever get down! Yes, at last we reached a shady creek, and when we got our breath, we looked around to see where we had come down. It was so steep you could hardly see sunshine without looking straight up. The rock was quite large. It had Indian heads on and the picture of a gun. This is what Whetzle wrote on the rock:

"Engraved by me, Lewis Whetzle, born in Virginia February 12, 1752." On the other side of the rock was carved, "Enjoy the peace which I have prepared for you."

There was another rock about ten feet away, where he built his fires to cook his meals while camping there. The rock is still black from the smoke of his campfire. This engraved rock has been discovered for about twenty-five years. One morning, a man named William Gobel went out squirrel hunting. He was sitting on a rock waiting for the squirrels, when he began to dig the moss from it with his pen knife. He uncovered a letter and kept on digging until he found the reading which I have given.

After looking around for a while longer, we started for home. Did someone suggest going back up that hill? Well no, coming down it was a joke one of our party played that knew the way, but thought it would be fun to show us how to go down a mountain. It was not much fun, for our shoes were filled with pebbles and dirt.

Going back, we started up a small hill; came to a shady lane, and then went on and on, up hill and down, until it was six o'clock when we arrived home, tired out.

I have been wanting to write to The Blade ever since we subscribed for it, but never had the courage. If I am welcome this time, I shall come again. Come M. G. R.'s, let us sign our real names. Some one must lead off, so here goes. With best wishes to all, I am your weekly reader—Edna P. Offenbacher, Ohio.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I live in Florida the land of sunshine and flowers. This state is famous for its beautiful live oaks, lakes and streams. Jacksonville is the largest city and it is a noted winter resort. Florida is dotted with lakes. The tall pines and live oaks that surround them make a view worth seeing. Thousands of wild ducks come to the lakes every winter. We have pleasant summers and very pleasant winters.

The gulf breeze that blows over Florida makes it cool and pleasant. Boys how would you like to spend the winter in the garden spot of the world?

If you cousins want to enjoy yourselves take a visit to the land of flowers. If this letter is printed I will write again.—R. H. Poston, Bascom, Florida.

Dear M. G. R's:—I wrote a letter to the M. G. R's a long time ago and as it was printed, I intended writing again, But I have been so busy I could not. I hope you all, dear friends, are doing nicely.

My, what lovely weather we are having now. I wonder if our hearts are as sunshiny as the days are. I hope so.

Well, I have jumped the broom handle, as the saying goes, since I wrote before. I was married on the 20th day of July.

I hope all the M. G. R's are well and happy. With best wishes.—Mrs. Elsa A. Conrad, Washington.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—May I join this happy circle? I have read several letters calling for letters from "western girls," and as I have never seen a letter from Wyoming, I thought I would write. I am 17 years old and live in the heart of the grand old Rockies.

Onlia Friend from Colorado, your description of the Rockies was fine. Several of the M. G. R.'s have expressed a wish to come west and take a horseback ride with some of the western girls. Come along; I'll have my pony ready and we will take a trip back into the Rockies. I ride often in the mountains and I think there is nothing so enjoyable.

Brown Eyes of Ohio, I am like you in loving to be outdoors. I'd like to visit you and Country Girl of Illinois. Jewel of Tennessee writes good letters.

If this is in print, I will come again and tell you more about our country.—Wyoming Cowgirl.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

"Such a fine weather," we are having in Toledo these days.

Don't speak your thoughts unless they are kind ones. After awhile you will get the habit of speaking nothing but kindness.

Be sure to write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when writing to this page.

POETS' CORNER

FORTH FROM YOUR PAST!

By Amos R. Wells.

Forth from your lowly Past! In humble wise
Up to the highest heaven lift your eyes.
No glories that the heroes ever knew
But God has placed them waiting there for you.

Forth from your evil Past! The shame and sin—
Dare now to live as they had never been.
In Jesus cleansed and in His sureness sure,
Know that the years to come are sweet and pure.

Forth from your troubled Past! How dark the day,
How dreary and perplexed your wandering ways!
Forget those fears and tears and scenes abhorred,
And enter all the joyance of your Lord.

Forth from your lonely Past! No comrade knew
Your inner warfare for the good and true;
But in the time to come till time shall end
You shall not lack a comrade and a friend.

Forth from your Past! 'Twas given you to build
A Future from it, all with blessings filled.
Enter its open gate, its liberal door,
And live its happy lord for evermore.

THE STORY OF MOSES

Author Unknown.

By the side of the river so clear,
The ladies were wending their way,
As Pharaoh's daughter
Stepped down to the water
To bathe in the cool of the day.
Before it was dark she opened the ark,
And found a sweet infant was there.

Away by the river so clear
The infant was lonely and sad,
She took him in pity
And thought him so pretty
And made little Moses so glad.
She called him her own, her beautiful son—
And sent for a nurse who was near.

Then away by the sea that was red
Stood Moses, the servant of God,
While in him confided
The deep was divided
As upward he lifted his rod.
The Jews safely crossed,
While Pharoah's host was drowned in the water and lost.

Then away on the mountain so high,
Stood Moses with trembling and awe,
Midst lightning and thunders,
Great signs and wonders,
While God was there giving the law.
The Lord wrote it down on two tables of stone,
Before he returned to the skies.

Then away on the mountain so high,
The last one he ever might see,
While Israel victorious
His hope was most glorious,
Would soon over Jordan be free,
When his labors did cease he departed in peace,
And rests in the heavens above.

GRANDPAPA AND I

Author Unknown.

Last night when I was snug in bed,
Such fun it was for me,
I dreamed that I was grandpapa,
And grandpapa was me.

Chorus.

And grandpapa was me,
And grandpapa was me;
I dreamed that I was grandpapa,
And grandpapa was me.

I thought I wore a powdered wig,
Drab pants and gaiters buff,
And took without a single sneeze,
A double pinch of snuff.

Chorus.

A double pinch of snuff,
A double pinch of snuff;
And took without a single sneeze,
A double pinch of snuff.

And I went walking up the street,
And he ran by my side,
And 'cause I walked too fast for him,
The little fellow cried.

Chorus.

The little fellow cried,
The little fellow cried;
And 'cause I walked too fast for him,
The little fellow cried.

And after tea I washed his face,
And when his prayers were said,
I blew the candle out and left
Poor grandpapa in bed.

Chorus.

Poor grandpapa in bed,
Poor grandpapa in bed;
I blew the candle out and left
Poor grandpapa in bed.

The poem called The Death of Harrison, is wanted by a G. A. R. veteran. It begins something like this:

There's a death in the White House, never before,
"'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,

LILY DALE.

Author Unknown.

'Twas a calm, still night and the moon's pale light
Shone over hill and vale,
When friends mute with grief, stood around the death bed
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale.

Chorus.

O, Lily, sweet Lily, dear Lily Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

Her cheek that once glowed with the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease hath turned pale,
And the death damp was on the pure, white brow
Of my poor, lost Lily Dale.

"I go," said she, "to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lily Dale."

Has the footstep of Death trod the White House floor,
And the stream rippies forth through the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs of spring,
There lay poor Lily Dale."

THE LIGHT IN MOTHER'S EYES

By L. M. Montgomery.

Dear beacon of my childhood's day,
The lodestar of my youth,
A mingled glow of tenderest love
And firm, unswerving truth,
I've wandered far o'er east and west,
'Neath many stranger skies,
But ne'er I've seen a fairer light
Than that in mother's eyes.

In childhood when I crept to lay
My tired head on her knee,
How gently shone the mother-love
In those dear eyes on me;
And when in youth my eager feet
Roamed from her side afar,
Where'er I went that light divine
Was aye my guiding star.

In hours when all life's a sweetest bud
Burst into dewy bloom,
In hours when cherished hopes lay dead
In sorrow and in gloom;
In evening's hush, or morning's glow,
Or in the solemn night,
Those mother eyes still shed on me
Their calm, unchanging light.

Long since the patient hands I loved
Were folded in the clay,
And long have seemed the lonely years
Since mother went away;
But still I know she waits for me
In fields of Paradise,
And I shall reach them yet, led by
The light in mother's eyes.

The last lines of a requested poem are:

No, 'taint the hurt, nor 'taint the loss of that 'ere team of mine,
But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign.

Famous "Pint of Cough Syrup" Recipe

No Better Remedy at any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and ½ pint of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of $1. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to the Pinex Co., 242 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

CONVINCING PROOF

OF THE VIRTUE OF

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

What is the use of procrastinating in the face of such evidence as the following letters represent? If you are a sick woman or know one who is, what sensible reason have you for not giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? For 30 years we have been publishing such testimonial letters as these—thousands of them—they are genuine and honest, too, every one of them.

Mrs. S. J. Barber says:

"I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine in the world for women—and I feel it my duty to let others know the good it has done for me. Three years ago I had a tumor which the doctor said would have to be removed by an operation or I could not live more than a year, or two, at most. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice, and took 14 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today the tumor is gone and I am a perfectly well woman. I hope my testimonial will be of benefit to others." — Mrs. S. J. Barber, Scott, N. Y.

Mrs. George May says:

"No one knows what I have suffered from female troubles, neuralgia pains, and backache. My doctor said he could not give me anything to cure it. Through the advice of a friend I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the pain soon disappeared. I continued its use and am now in perfect health. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a God-send to me as I believe I should have been in my grave if it had not been for Mrs. Pinkham's advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." —Mrs. George May, 86 4th Ave., Paterson, N. J.

Mrs. E. F. Hayes says:

"I was under the doctor's treatment for a fibroid tumor. I suffered with pain, soreness, bloating, and could not walk or stand on my feet any length of time. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, followed her directions and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. To-day I am a well woman, the tumor was expelled and my whole system strengthened. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female troubles to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. E. F. Hayes, 1890 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. K. Housh says:

"I have been completely cured of a severe female trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and want to recommend it to all suffering women." —Mrs. W. K. Housh, 7 Eastview Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, etc.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham

OUR FAIRY TALE

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe. It wasn't much of a shoe either. There was a big hole in the top where the rain would come leaking down when it rained and there were holes in the toes through which the wind blew when it was in the right direction for it. She had an awful, really awful, lot of children and the way they would climb around the shoe and tumble off and get in her way when she was cleaning up the house and cry about nothing and quarrel about anything and just generally bother the life out of her was a caution. Even if she hadn't been an old woman she'd hardly have known what to do.

And that's just what she told the neighbors.

"You know," she told them, "if I had another child to take care of I just would go crazy right away. I simply couldn't stand it."

The neighbors couldn't give her any consolation, for they knew what she had to stand. And that wasn't anything very little. As soon as the sun broke there would be one of the boys out in the yard blowing a tin horn as if it was necessary for him to tell the sun the time of day for it to get up. Nobody could sleep while that horn was going. Then the old lady would come out and pretty near snatch the boy bald-headed and the neighbors would slip back to sleep feeling very much gratified. But soon there'd be another racket. One of the children would be sure to climb up to the top of the shoe and that being slippery, off he would roll and come screeching to the ground. And that interrupted the cooking of breakfast and when the other children didn't get their breakfasts on time you may be sure they showed how they felt about it.

By the time the afternoon had worn along the old woman was in a frightful temper. She was distracted out of her wits. You couldn't expect much else, could you, in a family where there are so many children that you couldn't count them?

The breakfast point came at dusk. The old woman set her teeth hard and announced that the limit had been reached. Then

"She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed."

FREE! "A YARD OF ROSES" FREE!

"Yard of Roses" is conceded by everybody to be one of the grandest flower pictures offered this year; one yard long, on heavy copper-plate paper, in ten beautiful colors, making it so true to nature that you can easily imagine you are looking at the real flowers; over 300,000 sold in last 30 days; a handsome ornament for any home that you will always be proud of. To introduce our splendid family magazine and fancy paper, which already has a half million readers, we mail this grand work of art all charges paid to anyone who sends 4 cents to pay postage. We will also send you our special club plan for securing other copies of latest and choicest reproductions without cost. Send at once before the supply of free pictures is exhausted. Address

ART PICTURE CLUB, 803 JACKSON STREET, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

ROLLED Gold Spectacles Free ABSOLUTELY OF CHARGE

Don't Send Me One Cent

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux wonderful "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight; thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home in any way you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes, you can keep the ROLLED GOLD pair forever without one cent of cost, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends, and speak a good word for them everywhere at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality, on one easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal),
Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE.—This House is Perfectly Reliable.

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often fatal to Life.

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly.

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

E. A. Richards, Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: Your treatment cured me permanently, it has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound.

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: Have tested and proven the merits of your reduction remedies, none of my garments fit me; they seem made for another woman.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this;** I will prove it at my own expense. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 1334E 41 West 25th Street, New York City.

Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic

FREE to Every Man or Woman

Could you like to eat all you want to, and what you like to without having distress in your stomach? Could you like to say **farewell to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Drowsiness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation?** If so, then send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing, and I will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They relieve the gases, remove soreness, strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach, and soon make you feel like a new man or woman. Suffer no longer but write me today enclosing 10 cents for postage, etc., and I will send you one of these wonderful **Stomach Drafts** that are curing people **because they have cured where** all medicines alone failed. Write Dr. G. C. Young, 1 to 7 National Bank Bldg., **Jackson, Mich.**

Consumption Book

FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4413 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.**

FREE COUPON
Cut Out and Mail Today

Yonkerman Co., 4413 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Please send 200 page BOOK FREE.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

REMOVE YOUR

GOITRE

Last a Reliable Treatment is Found for these Unsightly Tumors. YOU MAY TEST IT FREE.

If your neck is disfigured by an unsightly goitre, let me give you a LIBERAL sample of my great remedy for a test. You will notice the good effect of the treatment right from the start both in a reduction of the goitre and relief from the choking and other distressing symptoms which usually accompany it. Many goitres of the milder forms are entirely cured by this trial treatment alone.

The following letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., is only one of hundreds of such letters I receive every year. She writes, "I am happy to write you that the sample treatment you sent me two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I was greatly alarmed about it at the time, and I think it very fortunate that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment to those who have goitre." Write for the free trial treatment today and let me prove to you that your goitre can be cured. Write today. Address, W. T. Boso, 106 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

WHO SAYS EPILEPSY CANNOT BE CURED?

Read the following letter from one of the most prominent statesmen in this country. We will send you scores of such letters:

Committee on Judiciary, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir—I regard Dr. Towns' cure of my brother and Congressman Dahl, of Wisconsin, as wonderful. Neither had any relief until Dr. Towns treated them. Very truly,

(Signed) JOHN J. JENKINS.

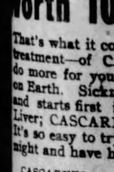
Let us send you our booklet on Epilepsy. IT'S FREE. Address

DR. W. TOWNS MEDICAL CO., FOND DU LAC, WIS., U. S. A.

Is Your Health Worth 10c?

That's what it costs to get a—week's treatment—of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows first and starts first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these ills. It's so easy to try—why not start tonight and have help in the morning?

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.



Elgin 23 Jeweled Railroad watch, Stem Wind and Set, Gent's or Lady's size, 20 Year Gold Filled design (lasting case), superbly engraved. An absolutely accurate timekeeper for Railroad People and others who require a reliable watch. GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. SPECIAL OFFER: We will send this watch C. O. D. anywhere, and express charges, with privilege of full examination. If not found entirely satisfactory and as represented, don't pay one cent. Some concession desired would probably cheer you $5.00 for this very watch. Fine Gold plated chain & charm free with each watch. SUPERIOR WATCH CO., 55 Athenaeum Bldg., CHICAGO

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. Free Plan. Box 314 S. E., Kansas City, Mo.

$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. H. EMERY, W. C. 69, Chicago, Ill.

"Curly" was a cowboy bold,
Who went out on a bat;
He whirled his lasso once or twice,
And where was lar'iat?

Good News for Asthma Sufferers

We are glad to announce that Himalya has proved a sure cure for Asthma. We have the testimony of Ministers of the Gospel, Doctors, business men and farmers, all speaking of the wonderful curative power of this new discovery. Himalya can be purchased from all druggists. If not in stock, it can be had through your jobber or wholesaler. To prove beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, The Himalya Co., 319 Howard street, Detroit, Mich., will send a trial bottle free by mail to every reader of this Weekly Blade suffering from any form of Asthma. This is very fair, and we advise all sufferers to send for a case. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

SOON QUITS $200 MAN

Bride Who Hired Husband Leaves Him.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 15.—Chicago candidates for the hand and the $200 of Eugenia Sauer, who advertised under the name of Eugenia Adams for a temporary husband, failed of consideration yesterday because they were not here in person. Miss Sauer, looking over a dozen candidates, chose H. O. Brown, a bachelor and building wrecker by occupation.

Reveals Her Real Name.

Miss Sauer revealed her real name an hour later when she obtained a marriage license. Within another half hour the couple had been married by Chief Justice Bundy of the municipal court. As the ceremony was completed the stakeholder handed two $100 bills to Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown gave him a cordial hand shake and this farewell:

"Goodbye, Mr. Brown. Thank you for accommodating me. I wish you a long and happy life."

Mrs. Eugenie Sauer Brown with her marriage certificate hurried out of the court house saying she intended to take the next train for New York to sail for Vienna and claim the fortune left her by an eccentric uncle whose will imposed the condition of marriage upon her.

Waited Until Last Minute.

She said she had postponed fulfilling this requirement till the last minute and was in a hurry to make good. Hence her advertisement. Brown said it was purely a business proposition with him, and he left the court house looking for somebody who could break a $100 bill.

Brown gave his age to the marriage license clerk as 33 and Miss Sauer as 32. Before the ceremony the couple signed an agreement that they should separate immediately afterward. Mrs. Brown said she would return and obtain a divorce within a year.

ELY GOES EAST ON TRAIN

Aviator, Abandoning Flight, Leaves Aeroplane in Field.

Chicago, Oct. 12.—Aviator Eugene Ely yesterday afternoon gave up his attempt to make a flight from Chicago to New York for the $25,000 prize offered by the Chicago Evening Post and the New York Times. Ely left his aeroplane in a field near South Chicago, twenty-one miles from Hawthorne park, whence he started Sunday at 4:11 p. m. and departed for Cleveland. The machine will be shipped to New York today.

Ely declared that his continued trouble with his aeroplane was due to the failure of mechanics to arrange the gasoline tank on the machine properly. He said that the gasoline feed was interrupted by lack of a vent in the tank.

After Ely announced that he had finally abandoned his flight, it was stated that the Post and the Times still stand ready to pay the $25,000 prize to the first aviator to make the flight in seven days.

SEW SKIN BACK ON HIS FACE

Surgeons Restore Covering Ripped Off Man's Countenance.

New York, Oct. 14.—With silver threads, city hospital surgeons have restored the face of James Hudson, which was torn when he was hurled against an automobile a few days ago.

Hudson, driving his wagon at Broadway and Meramec street, was thrown from the seat by a car, and was hurled head first against the back of the automobile. The skin was torn from the greater part of his face. It was hanging by only a few shreds when he arrived at the hospital. The case was one where grafting would be extremely difficult, and where the only hope seemed to lie in the restoration of the original skin.

It was necessary to cut a small hole in the frontal bone, and through his hole a silver thread, holding the skin in place, was run through the nose and downward through the roof of the mouth. The healing process has progressed favorably, and Dr. Walter R. Hewitt expects to see the patient's visage properly restored. Hudson is 58 years old, and was smooth shaven at the time of the accident.

FIFTY-NINE CENTS FOR $1,643

Numismatist Sells Collection of Rare Coins for High Price.

New York, Oct. 13.—Thomas L. Elder, 32 East Twenty-third street, placed 59 American cents on his desk yesterday afternoon and sold them to a handful of men for $1,643.50. Mr. Elder is a numismatist and the other men were coin collectors.

Mr. Elder was selling a collection of United States cents of 1794 coinage that belonged to E. Gilbert of this city. After that he sold a lot of half cent pieces, gold coins, colonial, continental, and foreign coins, for large sums.

Some of the coins were made additionally valuable because some engraver had made an error in his work. Many "hard times" or Jackson tokens, covering the financial troubles of 1837-'41, were included in the collection.

VALUES HER HAIR AT $50,000

Mrs. Beddow Wants Railway Co. to Pay That Sum for Its Loss.

New York, Oct. 13.—Mrs. Clara Beddow, of Elizabeth, N. J., is suing the Public Service Railway Co. to recover $50,000 for the loss of her hair.

She alleges that she fell from a car a year ago, receiving a scalp wound which necessitated the clipping of her tresses and that they never grew in to their former length and beauty. A jury will pass upon their value today.

TO FIGHT FOR THRONE

King Manuel Will Rest and Then Campaign.

Gibraltar, Oct. 15.—King Manuel of Portugal, the queen mother Amelie, the duke of Oporto, the count of Sabugosa, grand master of the Portuguese court, and the count of Figueiro, master of ceremonies of the court, held a conference here yesterday concerning the future course of action to be taken by the king and the other members of the royal household.

It was decided that King Manuel should lead a quiet life until his health is fully restored and that meanwhile his friends in Portugal should undertake a vigorous political campaign in which the supporters of Duke Michael of Braganza, the pretender, will co-operate to return as many monarchist candidates as is possible at the elections.

It is probable that after his arrival in England and the publication of his manifesto King Manuel will take a sea voyage or travel abroad so as to avoid embarrassing England while he is carrying on a political propaganda. It has been arranged that the duke of Oporto shall accompany the king to England instead of going to Italy with the dowager queen, Maria Pia.

IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA

"No tongue can tell how I suffered for five years with itching and bleeding eczema, until I was cured by the Cuticura Remedies, and I am so grateful I want the world to know, for what helped me will help others. My body and face were covered with sores. One day it would seem to be better, and then break out again with the most terrible pain and itching. I have been sick several times, but never in my life did I experience such awful suffering as with this eczema. I had made up my mind that death was near at hand, and I longed for that time when I would be at rest. I had tried many different doctors and medicines without success, and my mother brought me the Cuticura Remedies, insisting that I try them. I began to feel better after the first bath with Cuticura Soap, and one application of Cuticura Ointment. I continued with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and consider myself well. This was nine years ago and I have had no return of the trouble since. Mrs. Allie Etson, 93 Inr Road, Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 18, 1909."

JULIA WARD HOWE DIES

Poet and Patriot Succumbs to Old Age.

Middletown, R. I., Oct. 17.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, poet and patriot, passed peacefully away at her summer home, "Oak Glen," in Middletown. Mrs. Howe had been ill since Wednesday last, when she had a severe chill.

Death was due to old age, which, with a cold, weakened her heart. She was born May 17, 1819. On Sunday Mrs. Howe appeared to be recovering from her cold, but continued to remain in bed. This forenoon her condition changed suddenly for the worse and she lapsed into unconsciousness, from which she did not emerge.

At her bedside were her three daughters, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Richards and Mrs. John Elliot, with her husband.

Her son, Professor Marion Howe, left New York today for Middletown.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, Oct. 19.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 890, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

CANAL ESTIMATE MADE

Work Planned for Next Year to Cost $47,920,848

Washington, Oct. 13.—It is estimated that $47,920,848 will be required to continue the construction of the Panama canal during the fiscal year beginning July next.

The principal items are $19,211,306 for skilled and unskilled labor and $19,186,751 for the purchase and delivery of material and supplies.

An estimate of $1,000,000 is submitted for the relocation of the Panama railroad. The total estimates are slightly less than those submitted for the current fiscal year, and are about $10,000,000 in excess of the appropriations for the current fiscal year. The total appropriations on account of the canal to date are $248,002,668. Of that amount $40,000,000 was paid for the French rights and $10,000,000 to Panama.

BOY BEATS WILDCAT TO DEATH

Conquers Animal With Fence Rail After a Battle.

San Jose, Cal., Oct. 12.—Earl Norton, a 16-year-old lad, battled to the death with a wildcat on a ranch near Monterey and came off the victor. He was riding a bicycle across an open field when he ran into a crouching feline about a year old. He was thrown down and fortunately struck on a piece of fence rail.

Angered by the disturbance the wildcat sallied forth to the attack and the boy grabbed the fence rail. He rapped the animal over the head as it came for him and stunned it, but the wildcat was game and came again, nearly reaching him. This time the lad knocked the beast over and succeeded in dispatching it.

The boy's coat was ripped by one of the cat's claws but otherwise he escaped injury. He tied the dead animal to his handle-bar and brought it to town in proof of his story. Wildcats are plentiful in this section where they come following the bands of sheep.

Found Dead in Bed

Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her! Was it murder? Yes and no. No, because he died from so-called natural causes—yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side, and this last proved too true! And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with everything to live for, wouldn't listen to reason—either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say, "only a little palpitation. It's my stomach, I think. It will go away of itself." But delay cost his life! Was not this self-murder?

This case is only one; sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better, and a good many who do know think it can't be cured. Now Heart Trouble is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured.

In very many cases of Heart Disease troubles with other organs are present, also, and it is therefore useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it attacks all of the wrong conditions together, and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening and curing the heart.

We believe that we can cure YOU, and no matter how bad off you are, to prove our faith we will send by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a full course of free treatment, for your case, and our illustrated Book with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor. Both are free.

Understand, this is not a "sample" or "trial," neither is it a "patent medicine," it is a full and complete course of treatment, and is yours gladly and freely, just for the asking—because we want you to have a chance to test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home, without cost. If you have one of the symptoms, Nervousness, Trembling or Trembling or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nose-bleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder-blade, your Heart and Nerves are, surely wrong! Don't wait, but write us at once just what symptoms you have and send now for the full course of free treatment, and get well. Address The Associated Heart Specialists, 331 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

U. S. TO SELL ON CREDIT

Will Give Time to Purchasers of Indian Lands.

Washington, Oct. 13.—In the hope of insuring the settlement among Indians of a desirable class of white men, the Indian bureau today promulgated a new set of regulations for the sale of surplus lands held by Indians. The new rules apply to all such lands throughout the country and comprise several million acres. Their principal feature is a provision for deferred payment in the purchase of Indian land.

Under the present system the purchaser is required to pay cash at the time of the sale. This plan has resulted in giving a great advantage to speculators who always have money, to the injury of actual settlers. The new rules require the immediate payment of only 10 per cent of the purchase price and allow five years for the completion of the transaction, the purchaser paying interest upon his notes.

Speculators Getting All.

The new regulation is the joint product of Secretary Ballinger and Assistant Indian Commissioner Abbott. It was decided upon at a conference held in Seattle last July, after both of them had made inspections of conditions in the Indian country. They found that the speculators were getting all of the desirable Indian lands and, after much investigation, discovered that the best way to thwart them was to make it possible for poorer men to come into the ownership of some of the lands.

In his letter of instruction to the Indian commissioner, Mr. Ballinger advances the idea that not only the settlers but the Indians themselves will be benefited by the change. He thinks that the presence of industrious and progressive white men in proximity to the Indians will prove an example of great service to them.

The sales of surplus Indian lands last years amounted to over 200,000 acres and the proceeds to about $3,000,000. It is believed that sales will be increased by the new plan.

MENTAL CALCULATOR TO PAY

Error of Fraction in Huge Multiplication Costs Him $50.

New York, Oct. 17.—Who would ever have thought that a little thing like a fraction would have caused so much trouble where millions—yes, even billions, trillions and quadrillions—were involved? It probably wouldn't have caused John Dee the loss of a single hair, but it has taken two lawyers six months to bring the matter to a judicial interrogation point. They got the answer when Judge Lintott, in the second district court, decreed that the difference was in favor of Frank E. Northime, of No. 31 East Park street, and accordingly gave him judgment in the amount of $50.

The trouble all started because Mr. Northime, an expert accountant, went to Proctor's to see "The Marvelous Griffith," booked as "the human adding machine."

Griffith delves into large figures mentally calculating the result of mathematical processes in 45 seconds. As a guarantee of his accuracy on this occasion he offered a reward of $50 to any one who could detect an error in his computations.

When he multiplied 58,823,529 7-17 by 384,369,765, and said the result was 22,609,986,176,470,587 11-17, Mr. Northime declared the "human adding machine" was just ten-seventeenths shy. Mr. Northime thought he had earned the $50, and started in to collect, but Griffith simply took the attitude that mistakes will sometimes happen in the best regulated families.

Mr. Northime sued out on a writ of attachment on the chattels of the wizard and has now obtained a judgment that he is entitled to the $50 reward.

MUTE TELLS HARD LUCK STORY

He Wins, for the Trial Court Hands Him Money.

New York, Oct. 17.—Wilson Curry, a deaf and dumb vagrant, who was examined yesterday in the Fifth Avenue court, Brooklyn, by Magistrate Hylan by means of written questions and answers, received a suspended sentence and a $5 bill by the court after he had told the following hard luck tale in writing:

"Was run over by two horses and a wagon at Hastings, Sussex, England, and then spent five months in a hospital. Worked in brush factory in Buckfield, Me. Place was burned out. On December 28, 1901, both my hands and feet were frozen in Montreal, Canada. Half of my right foot was cut off in the General hospital, Montreal. On February 10, 1906, at the corner of Main and Oak streets, Buffalo, I was knocked down by an automobile. I was carried by a lady who was in the machine to the Sisters of Charity hospital, where I remained for a month. On May 24, 1909, I was struck by a street car while I was walking on the streets of Springfield, Mass. Received lacerations and contusions of the head."

Curry told the court that he wanted to go to the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Trenton, N. J. Then the magistrate gave him the money for his fare.

CITY HAS CRIME WAVE

Suicide Club Believed to Exist in Danville, Ill.

Danville, Ill., Oct. 15.—A murder and suicide, three suicides, an attempted murder and two unsuccessful attempts at suicide within twelve hours is Danville's record.

Timid persons were afraid to venture out doors last night. They were afraid of assassins, and some were afraid of themselves.

Two deaths by scalding late Thursday night began the cycle of fatalities, and shortly afterward Anna M. Daniel fired two shots into the body of her husband and then turned the revolver on herself, sending two bullets into her heart, dying almost instantly.

The woman is said to have been crazed because her husband, chancellor commander of the local Knights of Pythias lodge, was spending much time away from home, arranging for the state convention here next week.

Hungry, Fires At Family.

Less than three hours later E. A. Rogers fired four shots at his wife and child because his meal was not ready when he returned home from work. Rogers is in jail.

The news of Rogers shooting had not become generally known when William Mullens, a wealthy retired farmer, hanged himself in the barn at his home, using a rope halter.

Ora Brown and William Miller also attempted to suicide, according to reports, and as a fitting climax to a day of fatalities George W. Whyte, for 20 years a member of the bar, at one time county judge, cut his throat at home.

The tragedies of the day bring the number of suicides and murders for the month to 21, and the rumor that there is a suicide club in town is believed by many.

In the last few months four murder-suicides, with nearly two score suicides, have occurred in this city, lending some color to the rumor.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

For over 40 years this celebrated remedy has been making women's lives happier—healthier—safer.

Many thousands of women have testified to its wonderful effect.

The "Favorite Prescription" is

THE ONE REMEDY that can be depended upon when there is any derangement of the distinctly feminine organism. It purifies, heals, soothes, builds up.

THE ONE REMEDY which absolutely contains neither alcohol (which to most Women is rank poison) nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

THE ONE REMEDY which is so perfect in its composition and so good in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient, as they do, on its outside wrapper, verifying the same under solemn oath.

It is needed when backaches make life miserable—when a sickening, dragging, bearing-down feeling makes work a weary agony—when sick headache, nervous irritability, loss of energy and appetite indicate derangement of the womanly organism. It is a purely vegetable compound, being a glyceric extract from native medicinal roots and can not injure in any condition of the female system.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets help the effect of all other medicines by keeping the liver active and the bowels open. They regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take as candy. At all dealers—*get what you ask for.*

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BLACKSMITH PATCHES A HEN

Now Biddy Takes Her Corn Quite Well With Tin Beak.

Anderson, Ind., October 14.—A chicken with a half tin beak is picking up corn in the hennery of Eli Delawter in this city, and John Snellson, blacksmith, is credited with the poultry surgery.

The hen was hatched with the lower part of the beak less than the length of the upper part. While it was fed on soft food the chicken developed, but after it began to try to pick up its food like other chickens the half beak was not sufficient.

Snellson measured the upper part of the beak and the lower stub. Then he made a half beak of tin and wired it to the lower beak jaw. Since then it has been getting along about as well as other chickens.

KANSAS EX-GOVERNOR IS DEAD

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 13.—W. E. Stanley, former governor of Kansas, died at his home here this morning of hardening of the arteries from which he had suffered for four years.

Ex-Governor Stanley was born in Harding county, Ohio, in 1848. He was elected governor of Kansas in 1898, and was re-elected in 1900. He was a Republican.

MADRIZ TO LIVE IN MEXICO

Defeated Revolutionist Will Practice Law in Its Capital.

Salina Cruz, Mex., Oct. 13.—Dr. Jose Madriz, who was recently defeated by Estrada in the Nicaraguan revolution, arrived yesterday from Amapala, Honduras. He was accompanied by his wife and will go to Mexico City, where it is said he will practice law.

Dr. Madriz was a passenger on the English steamer Salvador.

FIFTH BANQUETER DIES

Tragic Chain of Coincidences Following a Club Gathering.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 17.—The fifth victim of the recent "banquet of death," served by the Entre Nous club, of this city, died here yesterday. Daniel J. Sullivan following his brother in death by a few days. His last words were a request that an autopsy be performed on his body in order that the doctors might learn, if possible, the nature of the strange disease by which all who ate at the banquet have been afflicted and to which five already have succumbed. Four are lying at death's door in the hospital and investigations have been made by the state board of health.

VACCINE ROUTS TYPHOID

How U. S. Soldiers Escape Scourge Is Shown.

Washington, Oct. 17.—According to the annual report of Surgeon General Torney, the general health of the United States army has shown a steady improvement for several years. The non-effective rate, which is regarded as the true measure of the loss in efficiency from sickness and injury, was 41.48 per one thousand during the past fiscal year as compared with 42.68 for 1908, 46.17 for 1907 and 49.79 for 1906.

The total number of deaths from all causes during the past year was 370 of which 228 were due to disease and 142 to external causes.

General Torney reports that the health of the American troops in the Philippines continues to improve year by year and that the records show that insanity is no more prevalent among troops serving there than those serving in the United States. Asiatic cholera has been especially prevalent throughout the archipelago during the past year and still prevails.

Considerable progress has been made during the year in the campaign for the protection of the army against typhoid fever by means of vaccination. Among the 11,338 persons in the army who have been vaccinated there have developed to date three cases of typhoid with no deaths. Vaccination, General Torney says, is now entirely voluntary with the individuals and should be made compulsory.

MEN WIN RAIL STRIKE

French Roads Agree to $1 a Day Wage Scale.

Paris, Oct. 15.—The directors of the railroad companies involved in the strike agreed today to grant a minimum wage of $1 a day to the employes of all lines running out of Paris.

The new scale will go into effect January 1, and constitutes the chief concession demanded by the men.

This action was decided upon at a conference of directors in which M. Millerand, minister of public posts and telegraphs took part, and was communicated to the strikers this afternoon. The decision of the directors came at a particularly fortunate time, as it was becoming evident that the strikers were beaten and resort to violence on a wide scale was anticipated.

PENNSY BOOSTS WAGES

Engineers and Firemen Get Ten Per Cent Increase.

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 13.—Pennsylvania railroad engineers and firemen on the lines in this part of the state are to receive an increase of about 10 per cent in wages, not including the increase of 6 per cent announced in April. It is understood that it will date from June 1.

RHEUMATISM

Backache and Piles.

Bottle FREE

I want you to try at my expense this famous external remedy for Rheumatism, Backache and Piles.

Z. M. O. has made many wonderful cures of these ailments and I am so positive it will greatly benefit you that I am willing to send you a bottle **absolutely free.** If I were not sure Z. M. O. would cure, I could not afford to make this offer.

Z. M. O. is the discovery of Max Zaegel, a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Z. M. O. is an external liquid remedy that **gets right down** to the **bone,** through skin and muscles, and drives away the sharp uric acid crystals which get into the nerve centers and cause excruciating pains.

Z. M. O., owing to its penetrating and antiseptic properties, is better than any remedy for Piles. It is guaranteed by me under the Pure Food Law to be free from morphine, opium, cocaine, or other harmful drugs.

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Backache or Piles, or know of a wound that will not heal, send at once for this **free** bottle. There is **no expensive monthly treatment** connected with this offer. I am doing this simply to show you what a great remedy Z. M. O. is.

Cut out the coupon below, sign and mail it, or write a letter to M. R. Zaegel & Co., 902 Main Street, Sheboygan, Wis.

FREE BOTTLE COUPON

M. R. Zaegel & Co.,
902 Main Street, Sheboygan, Wis.

As per your offer, please send me prepaid, in plain package, without any obligations, a sample bottle of Z. M. O. absolutely **free.**

Name.....

Address.....

I Want It

No Matter

where you are, whether you are a man or a woman, twenty years old or seventy, living in town or in the country, all you need do is to say "I Want It" and it will be sent right out to you. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to give any references or send any money or stamps. It makes no difference what your trouble is, whether you are sick in bed or just not feeling right—we don't ask your trouble and you need not write a word about it. All you need do is clip the coupon, which says "I Want It," fill in your name and address and we will send it to you, without a penny from you. This is how we are offering Bodi-Tone to every reader of this paper who is ailing or in poor health. This is how one hundred thousand sick people have already tried Bodi-Tone, the new medicine for the sick, which has cured thousands during the past eighteen months' time, including many of the readers of this paper. We are glad to send it to you, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn what a great medicine we have made, to learn how chronic diseases can be cured with the right kind of medicine, containing the right ingredients. We want you to say "I Want It" so we can send you a full sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone to try for twenty-five days, *to prove to you what it can do for you.* If it benefits you as it has benefited thousands, pay us a dollar for it. If you are not satisfied, don't pay a cent. We leave it all to you. We won't ask for pay afterwards or dun you. We know we will gladly pay for real benefit, for real health, vigor, strength and comfort, such as Bodi-Tone brings to the sick, and we feel so sure of Bodi-Tone that we gladly take all of the risk, for it is **now curing** sick men and women by the thousands.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—*cures disease by toning all the body,* and we want you to try it and see what it will do for *your* body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, as you may prefer. Each $1.00 box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body.

The composition of Bodi-Tone is not secret. Every one of the many valuable ingredients used to make this splendid remedy are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine and is regularly prescribed by all physicians.

Each ingredient is named and fully described in the Bodi-Tone book, which tells all about Bodi-Tone and is sent free to every Bodi-Tone user. You know just what you are using and know it is good and safe. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, to give life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla to purify it, Phosphate to nourish the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. All these ingredients pull together to *restore health to the body,* each serves to build upon the other's work, each one helps.

We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world and all of which are recommended by the best modern medical writers and teachers. Many are prescribed regularly by the medical profession for diseases in which we recommend Bodi-Tone, most of them have been successfully used separately or in combination with other drugs for the treatment of innumerable diseases, but *the exact combination found in Bodi-Tone* is peculiar to Bodi-Tone alone and gives Bodi-Tone a curative and restorative power peculiar to itself, that has brought health to thousands during the past year's time. We simply claim credit for the formula which we have invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from all other remedies. That is why we want to send a box on trial to you immediately, as soon as you write for it, for we know you will find it different and superior. Though Bodi-Tone is a scientific medicinal combination, most of the ingredients used in it are familiar to the common people, and are remedies which they, as well as the doctors, *know to be good,* remedies in which they can place fullest confidence and know they can safely use.

Bodi-Tone

is right all through, from the first to the last ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy that all the family, young and old, can use. It contains no narcotic or habit-forming drugs, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with the remedies that nature intended to tone and cure the body or that power would not have been given them. They have work to do and do it.

Bodi-Tone offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. This is what Bodi-Tone is for—to help nature restore tone to the body, to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well-understood, definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments. Bodi-Tone is especially urged for all chronic sufferers who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations he has used have failed, then give *this scientific, modern combination* of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do.

Don't Put It Off

Why delay another day, when a trial of this new and proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, day after day, when all you need do is clip out the coupon which says "I Want It," fill in your name and address, and mail it to us, to get a twenty-five days' treatment of this great remedy that has already put thousands on the road to health. The curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by one solid year of cures. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a great variety of ailments in both sexes, at every age, and its results are more than sufficient to amply prove the wide curative value of this splendid formula. It was advertised from the start as a remedy for *all* of the body, and its aid has been sought by chronic sufferers from most of the important diseases which destroy the body's peace and comfort.

Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and fully proven its great value in such disorders.

Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to *cure* these and other disorders, that it is *a real aid to nature.* How Bodi-Tone has acted in these cases is best shown by the letters of praise received from former sufferers. Every day's mail brings its share, for the fame of Bodi-Tone is spreading like wild-fire, *because Bodi-Tone is doing the work* and proving its superiority over common remedies. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried most all of the prominent medicines, have written that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than *all* the others combined. Hundreds of others have written that Bodi-Tone did the work after good doctors had failed. The following letters are but a sample of the thousands we receive. read them and judge for yourself.

ALVORD, TEXAS.—I had Heart trouble, Indigestion and Bowel trouble. In fact, I was all out of shape and was so nervous that I could not stand to be left alone for any length of time. I had just about given up hopes of ever getting any better when I happened to read an advertisement about Bodi-Tone. It appeared so honest and straightforward that I decided to make one more effort to get health, and I'm very thankful that I did so. I have paid out hundreds of dollars for patent medicines and doctor bills without any permanent benefit, but since using Bodi-Tone I feel better and stouter and more like a man than for twelve years, as it has been that long since I was first taken sick. It has had a good effect all over my body, for I have had a remarkable improvement in the condition of my Heart, Stomach, Bowels and Nerves. I have gone back to work and am able to work right along, with renewed energy and vigor. N. R. SIPES.

MURRAYVILLE, GA.—My health was very bad for over a year before I began to use Bodi-Tone. I had Stomach and Heart trouble and also a bad cough which both bothered and worried me a great deal. I had tried various remedies, but they did not seem to reach my trouble, and I was very weak when I began to use Bodi-Tone, in the

Made of high grade male ostrich; wide lustrous flues with heavy drooping head. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF P. O. OR EXPRESS MONEY ORDER.

Colors: White and Black.
18 in., $1.75
20 in., $2.75
22 in., $4.95

WILLOW PLUMES—ALL COLORS—Magnificent, graceful and stylish with heavy drooping head. Knotted by hand. 16 in., $4.95. 18 in., $6.45. 20 in., $7.95. 22 in., $10.95. 25 in., $14.95. Prices on Other Lengths Upon Request.

Write Dept. 5, for Catalog. Wm. H. Miller Co. 225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

NOW SEND FOR ASTROLOGER

Ten-Pound Tenant Comes at Ten Minutes to Ten.

Hammond, Ind., Oct. 14.—Doctors came at ten minutes to ten o'clock Monday to look at a new ten-pound tenant at the home of J. C. Collins, Hammond.

The boy was born at ten minutes past ten on the tenth day of the tenth month of the present century. The baby has ten living ancestors, including grandparents and great-grandparents on both sides. The father is a tenor and tennis player and distributed ten-cent cigars, after he had bet $10 to ten cents that no one can beat his "ten" strike.

ISLAND'S SOLONS IN SESSION

Philippine Legislature Hears Suggestions for Laws.

Manila, Oct. 17.—The Philippine legislature was convened today. In his message, Governor General Forbes congratulates the government on the results of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and says that the finances of the Philippines are satisfactory. The fiscal year closes with a surplus in excess of $1,000,000.

The governor general recommends assistants to sugar planters by the erection of central depots for the housing and distribution of the product, the adoption of laws controlling labor, prohibiting involuntary slavery, providing pensions for civil servants and a modification of

WATCH YOUR "TENS" CLOSELY

New Counterfeit, Poorly Printed, Is Found by Secret Service.

Washington, Oct. 18.—A new counterfeit ten-dollar bill, series of 1901, has been discovered by the treasury department and warnings have been issued by John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service division. The certificate bears the check letter "B" and contains the signature of J. W. Lyon, register of the treasury, and Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States, and the portraits of Lewis and Clark. The bill is poorly printed, and its number is A-2726778.

GIVES LIFE TO SAVE 300

Muncie, Ind. 17.—That the fast Southwestern Limited on the Big Four might not be wrecked and another horror be added to the many of recent weeks, William Bortsfield, a $9 a week section hand, last night met a hero's death.

Three hundred passengers whom he had saved, paid tearful tribute to his memory. Bortsfield, riding a heavy handcar while inspecting track, looked un to see the big train of Pullmans rushing down upon him at a mile a minute. He jumped from his car.

Then he went back to take the handcar from the track, evidently hoping to avert a wreck. He succeeded, but the train struck him and he was lifeless when picked up.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE IS 77

Toronto, Oct. 18.—Receiving congratulations from friends and admirers in all parts of Canada, the Hon. Edward Blake, who in his long public career filled some of the highest official positions in the gift of his country, today observed his 77th birthday at his home in Jarvis street in this city. Mr. Blake retired from public life more than 20 years ago. During the past summer he suffered an attack of partial paralysis, which has kept him confined to his home.

GIRL TELLS OF ABUSE

Reveals White Slave Conditions in New York.

Pittsburg, Oct. 18.—A startling glimpse of the "white slave" traffic as practiced in New York was given by Edith Williams, 20 years old, of Ashtabula, O. The girl was arrested with C. E. Fester, 22 years old, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as they were getting off a train here.

Fester said he had rescued the girl from the life she was living in New York and was returning with her to her home in Ashtabula. He said he was going to marry the girl as soon as he made sufficient money.

The Williams girl will be turned over to the federal authorities and will be taken to New York to testify against "cadets" in custody there.

Tired of Being Beaten.

"I ran away," said the Williams girl, "because I was tired of being beaten, kicked and abused by the man who kept me under his control in New York. Do you see that scar on my face? Well, I got that because I did not give enough money to my 'cadet' to go out among his pals and be a good fellow. I gave him $50 the day that he stabbed me, but he insisted on more.

"The day after this occured, which was two weeks ago, he kicked me until I was black and blue all over the body. I then decided to leave him. This man was known as Albert Duke, but his right name was Fred Carnechia. I want to go back to New York and tell all I know as conditions there are frightful."

ADMIRAL WAS ASSASSINATED

Portuguese Revolutionary Leader's Death So Explained.

Lisbon, Oct. 18.—That Admiral Cambido Reis, the revolutionary chief, was assassinated is now practically confirmed. Admiral Reis was one of the leaders in the recent rising, which ended in the proclamation of the Portuguese republic.

Owing to a failure in the signals for a general movement against the monarchy, so the original account of the admiral's death reported, Reis committed suicide, but during the last few days rumors have been current that he was the victim of an assassin's bullet. Yesterday five men were arrested in the charge of being concerned in his death. Admiral Reis and Prof. Bomgarda, a leading Republican, who was shot to death by an army lieutenant, were buried Sunday with full civil and military honors.

MARY GARDEN IN A LAWSUIT

Singer Involved in Trouble Over Contract With Impressario.

Paris, Oct. 17.—Cross suits between Mary Garden and Impressario Markus were instituted on Saturday. The trouble arises from a contract made in 1907, by which the singer engaged to appear in Germany, Austria, and Roumania for $300 a concert, plus 35 per cent of the gross receipts.

The singer, considering the advance arrangements for the tour not sufficiently assured, refused to start.

She claims $2,000 damages. Markus puts in a counter claim for $4,000.

WANT NEW MONTE CARLO

Gamblers Willing to Buy Streeter's Chicago "Destrict."

Chicago, Oct. 18.—"Capt." George Wellington Streeters' "destrict of Lake Michigan" is to be transformed into a real Monte Carlo, according to Attorney W. G. Anderson. Mr. Anderson states that a syndicate of gamblers is prepared to buy the "destrict" today when it will be sold by the sheriff to satisfy a $100,000 judgment obtained against Streeter by Anderson.

Even Streeter is doubtful whether he can save his "destrict" from going under the hammer. Attorney Anderson says nothing can stop it.

"A syndicate of gamblers will be represented among the bidders and they intend to buy the title at any price. They see a chance to start a gambling enterprise where they will be free from molestation by the city. They can obtain an injunction and until it is decided by the United States supreme court they can conduct any games they see fit."

AIRSHIP IS ABANDONED

Walter Wellman and Crew Picked Up at Sea After Thrilling Flight.

New York, Oct. 18.—Walter Wellman and his crew of five men and a gray cat, bound from the United States to the British Isles in an airship, were picked up on the sea by the Royal mail steamer Trent at 5 o'clock this morning.

The rescue was made in latitude 35.43 and longitude 68.18, a point about 150 miles due east of Cape Hatteras on the North Carolina coast.

The dirigible airship "America" had been abandoned.

The wireless message was received by Sanderson & Son, local agents of the Royal mail steamship packet line, plying between New York and Cuba and Bermuda, was signed by Commander Down of the steamer Trent and read as follows:

"At 5 a. m. today sighted Wellman's airship America in distress. Signals by Morse code that she required assistance, and help. After three hours' maneuvering and fresh winds blowing got Wellman with entire crew and cat. They were hauled safely on board. All are well. America was found in latitude 35.43 north, longitude 68.18 west."

Wrecked Probably Monday Night.

The departure from Atlantic City occurred at 8 o'clock last Saturday morning. The length of time that the dirigible remained in the air is still in doubt, but as the rescue occurred early this morning, the wreck of the airship was probably last night or within a few hours preceding.

The course taken by the airship up to the time of its wreck shows to what extent it was the prey of wind and weather.

On Sunday morning, it was 300 miles northeast of Atlantic City, off the Nantucket Lightship. On Monday it must have encountered strong winds from the northward, as it was driven 350 miles southward, finally bringing up east of the North Carolina coast. He was entirely out of the range of transatlantic going between New York and Boston, Philadelphia, to the leading ports of Europe.

The reports do not yet disclose how far the lifeboat was utilized in the work of rescue. Whether the occupants of the dirigible saved themselves by floating wood-work or by means of the boat, is not yet told.

The total distance covered by the balloon, while under control and drifting a prey to the winds appears to have been approximately 850 miles.

Columbus of the Air.

New York, Oct. 17.—Swept onward by a sturdy westerly breeze, Walter Wellman's great dirigible balloon, America, first of air craft to hazard transatlantic passage, was following the steamship lanes up the Atlantic coast at midnight last night, out of wireless range from shore points, but presumably continuing her unbroken course with all well on board.

The giant craft had passed Nantucket island early in the afternoon with propeller idle and had held brief wireless communication with the Marconi station at Siasconsett. In all the messages there was no hint of the airship's location, but a signaled "good-by" indicated that Wellman, whose dream is to be the first Columbus of the air, had, on passing Nantucket, turned the nose of his craft in a more northerly direction with the British Isles as his goal.

"All's Well—G. B.," Last Word.

Siasconsett, Mass., Oct. 17.—Somewhere east of Nantucket island, off the coast of Massachusetts, and approximately 300 miles from Atlantic City, the starting point, Walter Wellman's airship, America, signalled a wireless "all's well" and a good-by at 12:45 yesterday afternoon and swung on up the coast through the fog. The message, the last of the day's wireless, was received here by A. H. Ginman, the Marconi operator, who had been on the alert since dawn.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning Siasconsett first came in touch with the giant dirgible. Then, although the wireless range of the craft is comparatively short, owing to necessarily limited power and antennae, the station was surprised to hear its call—"M. S. C."—clear and strong, followed by "W," the code signature of the airship. Judging from the strength of the signals, it was assumed that the America was in close proximity to Nantucket, and immediately all the life-saving stations and lighthouses on the island were notified by telephone to keep a sharp lookout. But the fog, which had enshrouded the America since her departure yesterday morning, still hung over the ocean, shutting off the view. The Marconi station, however, began a rapid fire of interrogations and learned from Jack Irwin, the America's operator, that the ship's motors had been stopped and that the dirgible was heading east-northeast and making 25 miles an hour with the wind. Nantucket's excitement was acute, but with motors idle, the airship sailed along as silently as a phantom in the sky where ordinarily the engines' exhaust would have reverbrated along the coast.

Signals Grow Weaker.

However, the electric voice of the Marconi station filled in at times what the eye and the ear were denied and intermittently the operators here exchanged greetings with their late associate, who, it will be recalled, received at this station the dramatic "C. Q. D." from the ill-fated steamship Republic. At 10:30 a. m. the signals from the dirgible became suddenly stronger and it was momentarily expected that the America would come in sight of the station. Irwin, in fact, flashed that he thought he could hear the sound of the breakers, but the fog effectually shut the craft from view, although she was probably passing over the shoals surrounding the island.

From that time on the signals from the airship grew steadily weaker until finally, at 12:45 a message was flashed from here asking if everything aboard was O. K. Faintly came the reply, "yes," then, fainter still, the two letters, "G. B.," good-by.

PADDERS TO GO TO PRISON

Crime of Census Faking Is Held Most Serious.

Washington, D. C. Oct. 17.—Director Durand is determined that the examination of the records of the census in the cities now under suspicion of padding their returns will be most searching.

The letter of President Taft, given out for publication Saturday night, is accepted as being indicative of the temper of the administration. The padders will be brought to book. The crime of census faking is regarded as second only in gravity to the abuse of the sanctity of the ballot. Upon the correctness of the United States census depends primarily the make-up of the house of representatives. Penitentiary sentences will await the men found guilty of the padding offense.

Director Durand is not yet prepared to say when the next revamp of the census of the other alleged "padders" will be given to the public. Neither is he prepared to say that the 33,000 head steal attempted by Tacoma has been duplicated by any of the other suspected cities.

BELIEVE CREW IS DEAD

Hamburg, Oct. 18.—The small steamer Valerie, from Reval, Russia, for this port, foundered in the Baltic sea. Four bodies have been washed ashore, and it is supposed that the whole crew of 16 was lost.

FREE $1.00 BOX ON TRIAL

IF SEEKING HEALTH----READ THIS

Biel's New Nerve Tablets act on the vital organs like Steam on an Engine. They generate vital warmth and nerve energy. They make you feel strong, vigorous and full of Natural Vim and Nerve Force, which makes you equal to the duties of life. If you are weak, nervous, lack strength, energy, ambition, feel run down, worn out, or are restless, thin, have bad dreams, poor memory, or suffer with pains in the kidneys, liver, heart, side or shoulder, we will send you a full dollar box on trial. When you are satisfied that our Tablets restore health and vitality, then send us $1. You are not required to pay one penny if you are not perfectly satisfied that they will restore you to Health and Strength. Send your name and address and we mail you a dollar box at once.

Biel Mfg. Co., 1038 Barclay, Denver, Colo

WHAT THE "AMERICA" IS LIKE

The crew aboard the America when she left the ground included Walter Wellman, Melvin Vaniman, chief engineer; F. Murry Simons, navigator of the expedition; J. K. Irwin, wireless operator, in charge of the America system; and Albert Louis Loud and John Aubert, assistant engineers.

The America is a larger craft than the one in which Wellman started for the North Pole. The airship's gas bag has something of the shape of a cigar and is 228 feet long. Its width is about 52 feet, and is said to be capable of lifting about 12 tons. The envelope carrying the gas weighs more than two tons.

Attached to the big gas bag is a car 156 feet long. The floor of the car is really a large flat tank in which the gasoline is stored for the motors. The America carries three gasoline engnes, one of which is a donkey and the other two are used for motive power. They are in the center of the car and are of about 80-horsepower. Beneath the car hangs a lifeboat 27 feet long, to be used in case the balloon is wrecked.

Strung beneath the car is a 330-foot long equilabrator that takes the place of a drag rope used on balloons. This consists of a long steel cable to which are attached 30 small steel tanks, each carrying 75 pounds of gasoline and 40 wooden blocks. The blocks are about 20 inches long. The equilibrator makes it unnecessary to carry ballast. It is intended that the balloon shall sail along at a height of about 200 feet. If it settles close to the water the wooden blocks and the tanks would float on the water and relieve it of some of its weight.

Altogether the America carries 9,000 pounds of gasoline.

The America is as thoroughly equipped with sextants, compasses and other instruments for locating positions as are the big ocean liners.

RECTOR RAPS CHURCH

Scolds Zanesville Congregation as Farewell.

Too Much Woman, Aristocracy and Lack of Religion, He Says.

Zanesville, Oct. 18.—"Too much woman," is the way Dr. C. E. Mackenzie, former rector of fashionable and aristocratic St. James' Episcopal church, this city, in an open letter styled his "farewell," to the newspapers, yesterday.

Dr. Mackenzie resigned several days ago, following a period of dissension in the church which seemed to have culminated in an attempt to cut his salary. He left yesterday for Gallipolis, where he has accepted a charge.

Dr. Mackenzie says the vestry of the church, a board of men which is supposed to control parish affairs, only do what the women will let them.

Here is what he has to say of the church as he found it:

"The rector found five or six feminine societies in the parish, each existing for various objects, and each representing a different social element, and all more or less mutually exclusive and jealous, thereby emphasizing divisions rather than promoting harmony and unity, and each one attempting more or less to control the policies of the parish."

Some of his further opinions on the conditions in the church are as follows:

"Too much woman and too little religion."

"Spiritually bankrupt, but financially solvent."

"Members too aristocratic to receive plain folks in the church."

When he assumed the charge he was advised in secret by a leading member not to refer in the pulpit to such subjects as Sunday dinner parties, Sunday baseball, playing cards for prizes, Sunday closing and other similar subjects.

FIRE DEPARTMENT IS STUNG

Called Out at 1 A. M. to Save Burning Chicken House.

Center Moriches, L. I., Oct. 18.—Clanging of the fire bell awakened Chief Charles H. Barber and his trusty volunteers about 1 a. m. yesterday. They dressed and hustled to the truck houses.

They were thoroughly blown when they arrived at the scene of the awful conflagration. The rain had put it out. Were the firemen grateful to weeping nature? Not a great deal. Fact is the fire was in a henhouse, said by a competent appraiser to be worth about $1.50 net. The damage was estimated at 30 cents and there wasn't even one broiled chicken for breakfast.

THREE HURT ON A DESTROYER

Explosion of Evaporator Injures U. S. Sailors.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Oct. 18.—Three men were seriously injured by the explosion of a salt water evaporator on board the United States torpedo boat destroyer Truxton, off Santa Barbara, yesterday, and were brought here today. They are: Frank Lee Howard, 22, fireman, Salt Lake City; Harry W. Bailey, 24, machinist, Washington, D. C., and Thomas Joseph Kiernan, 26, electrician Albany, N. Y.

DEATH SHOCKS LA FOLLETTE

Passing of Dolliver Affects Wisconsin Senator's Condition.

Rochester, Minn., Oct. 18.—The news of the sudden death of Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, has caused a slight setback, it is said, to the favorable condition of Senator Robert M. La Follette, who is recovering from an operation for gall stones at St. Mary's hospital.

The close relationship between the Iowa and the Wisconsin senators in their careers at Washington made the news of the death a great sorrow to La Follette, and it seemed to worry him. His condition is by no means serious, and it is thought that the slight turn for the worse will be overcome shortly. It is expected that the senator will leave the hospital some day this week.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS MEET

Norfolk, Va., Oct. 18.—Hundreds of confederate veterans from all over the old dominion are here in attendance upon a three-day session, beginning today, of the annual reunion of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia. Tomorrow will be held the grand parade and also the principal social events of the gathering.

Fit Medicine Free! 10-Day Offer

For ten days we will send absolutely free a two weeks' supply of medicine for EPILEPSY, ST. VITAS DANCE and NERVOUS DISORDERS. Write today or you may be too late. Kiro Remedy Co. 267 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

FOREIGN WHEAT GOOD

Crop Promises to Be Second Largest in Outturn.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18.—Reviewing the condition of the foreign wheat crops, the United States department of agriculture in its monthly Crop Reporter, announces the promise of good yields in the southern hemisphere.

Although a deficiency of about 95,000,444 bushels is reported for Europe, in comparison with the highest record, still the crop promises to be the second largest the continent has produced. The report of the agricultural experts says:

"Now that supplies to be expected from the European and North American wheat harvests are fairly known attention on world markets is concentrating with more than usual interest on crop conditions in the southern hemispheres, particularly upon those of Australia, Argentina and British India, whose winter and spring harvests are to Europe important sources of supply at a season of the year when surplus stocks in exporting nations of the northern hemisphere are likely to be depleted. Reports indicate the agricultural situation in each of the three countries to be, with one possible exception, of good promise.

Australian Outlook Good.

"Australian wheat is growing on a probably increased area, and the present outlook is for a full yield. In Argentine prolonged drought in the northern part of the grain belt has done an undeterminable amount of damage, but throughout the central and southern parts, vegetation is reported flourishing. In British India seeding is being effected under assuring conditions. Excepting possibly Argentine, present appearances in the principal producing countries of the southern hemisphere inspire hope for a repetition of the excellent results of last season.

"The just completed European wheat harvest has given smaller quantitive results than last year, and, owing to exceptionally wet harvest weather in many of the states, an unusual proportion of the grain is of inferior quality. Last year the total yield of Europe, according to the best available estimates, was 1,970,000,000 bushels, and constituted a record exceeding the highest previous yield (1906), by 160,000,000 bushels. This season, notwithstanding bounteous harvests in the Danubian and Balkan states, the total European outturn, principally because of disastrous results in France, and decreased production in Russia, has fallen eight to one hundred million bushels short of last year.

Shows Comparative Yield.

"Official returns are in from seven states which in 1909 produced 81 per cent of the wheat crop of Europe; yields in bushels in these states, compared with 1909, are:

Country	1910.	1909.
Russia	690,000,000	711,000,000
France	288,000,000	338,000,000
Hungary	185,000,000	115,000,000
Italy	158,000,000	183,000,000
Spain	187,000,000	144,000,000
Roumania	106,000,00	57,000,000
Bulgaria	57,000,000	57,000,000
Totals	1,506,000,000	1,901,000,000

CITY SLAYS TONS OF FISH

Attempt to Purify Water Has a Contrary Effect.

South Norwalk, Conn., Oct. 18.—Wilton Lake, which supplies the city and all its suburbs with drinking water, is covered with dead fish. Tons of big carp and eels that weigh upward of six pounds apiece are being carted away and buried. Residents fear that the present scourge of typhoid fever has been caused by the contamination. Spring water is at a premium and the supply is almost exhausted.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 18.—Stronger Liverpool cables than expected put wheat prices up slightly in cash at the outset. December and May opened ¼c lower at 97c and $1.02. After starting at 95½c, cash remained steady for the greater part of the morning. It was reported that a prominent trader who plays a scalping game on the basis of 2c or so, was purchasing to elevate the market in order to get in on the short side. Offerings by the Chicago crowd early in the session were absorbed rather freely. The two futures advanced ¼c in the first half hour.

Wheat maintained its lead and closed strong. Cash finished ½c up at 95¾c, December ½c off at 97½c, May ¼c off at $1.02¼.

Good buying in corn offset favorable weather and selling by commission houses. December at 48¼c and May at 51¼c. The market displayed a fairly strong undertone all morning.

Final corn prices: Cash 50c, December 49c, May 51⅝c.

Oats opened about steady, December starting off at 33c and May unchanged at 35⅝c. The market swung up ¾c to ⅞c around midday.

Cash oats closed at 33½c, December at 33⅜c, May 36c.

Liberal receipts of clover seed caused a decline of 10c all around, the price in cash and the futures standing at $8.50 on the call. The Toledo market got the surprising volume of 900 bags Tuesday.

Clover seed closes were identical with the opening figures.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Oct. 18.	Close Oct. 17.
Wheat—					
Cash	95⅞			95⅞	95¼
Dec.	97	97⅛	96⅛	97¼	97¼
May	1.02	1.02⅝	....	1.02⅛	1.02⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	50	50
Dec.	48½	....	48	49	48½
May	51⅛	....	50⅝	51⅝	51¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	33½	33½
Dec.	33	....	....	33⅝	33½
May	35⅝	....	....	36	35⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.50	....	8.45	8.50	8.60
Oct.	8.50	....	8.45	8.50	8.60
Dec.	8.50	....	8.45	8.50	8.60
March	8.60	....	8.45	8.50	8.60
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	76	76
No. 3	....	....	....	72	72
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.10	4.10
Oct.	....	....	....	4.10	4.10
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.00	9.10
Oct.	....	....	....	9.00	9.10
Dec.	....	....	....	9.00	9.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	93⅞	94¼	92⅝	93⅞	94
May	1.00	1.00⅝	98⅞	1.00	1.00
July	95⅝	96¼	95⅛	96	96⅛
Corn—					
Dec.	45⅞	....	45⅝	46⅛	46
May	48⅝	49⅛	49¼	49⅝	48⅞
July	49¼	....	49	50¼	49½
Oats—					
Dec.	30	30⅝	29⅝	30½	30
May	33⅝	....	33¼	34	33⅝
July	32⅜	....	32⅝	32⅞	32½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.02	....	1.00½	1.01⅝	1.01⅞
May	1.06⅞	....	1.05½	1.06⅝	1.06½

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	95⅝	96¼	94⅞	95⅝	95⅞
May	1.01	1.01⅞	1.00⅝	1.01⅝	1.01⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.03½	1.04½
May	....	....	....	1.07⅝	1.08⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.04⅝	1.05⅞
May	....	....	....	1.08⅝	1.09⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	17.50	17.60	17.37	17.42	17.45
May	16.60	16.70	16.50	16.52	16.57
Lard—					
Nov.	11.72	....	....	11.70	11.72
Jan.	10.60	....	....	10.62	10.60
May	10.10	....	10.05	10.07	10.07
Ribs—					
Jan.	9.37	....	9.25	9.27	9.32
May	9.25	....	....	9.15	9.20

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 18.—(Wall Street.)—Stocks were pressed for sale in large volume to realize profits with the opening of the stock market today. Prices of the leading issues receded before these offerings, but there were sharp advances in some of the less prominent stocks. Southern Pacific declined 1 and Union Pacific, Great Northern preferred, Reading, United States Steel and Amalgamated Copper large fractions.

Canadian Pacific advanced 1¾, the Texas Co. 1¼ and National Lead 1.

A good deal of stock was put out, and St. Paul, Missouri Pacific and several other stocks lost a point before the market steadied. The rebound restored prices pretty fully to yesterday's closing and there were a few stocks which showed notable strength. Canadian Pacific improved 3⅜.

The burden of profit taking sales plainly outweighed the new demand. The action of the market reflected none of the immediate news. United States Steel was advanced aggressively to 77, but met such a flood of offerings that it was forced back. The whole list yielded again in sympathy. Chesapeake & Ohio, Northwestern, Amalgamated Copper, Colorado Fuel and Pacific Mail lost 1. The tone was steady and dull at noon. Bonds were easy.

New York Stocks.

New York, Oct. 18, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	118⅞	120¼	118⅝	120
Am. Loco. com.	41¼	41⅝	40⅜	41
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	119½	119½	119½	119½
Atchison	104⅝	105⅝	104⅝	105⅝
Am. Car and F. Co.	54⅝	54⅝	54	54⅜
Anaconda	48⅜	48⅝	48	48⅝
Amal. Copper	70½	71⅜	70¼	71⅛
Am. Smelters	76	77⅜	75½	77¼
Am. Smelters Co.	32¼	32½	32¼	32½
Am. Linseed Pfd.	33	33	33	33
Am. Tel. and Tel.	139	139¼	139	139½
Am. Tobacco pfd.	94⅝	94⅝	94¼	94⅛
Am. Cotton Oil	66⅝	68½	66½	68¼
Am. Beet Sugar	38	38⅛	38	38⅝
Balt and Ohio	109½	109⅞	109¼	109⅝
B'lyn. R. Trans.	78⅛	79⅛	78⅝	79
Beth Steel com.	29⅝	29⅜	29⅜	29⅝
Chicago and G. W.	25⅞	25⅞	25½	25½
Chicago G. W. pfd.	50⅝	50⅝	50⅛	50⅛
Canadian Pac.	197⅝	199½	197⅜	199½
Clover Leaf	28¼	28½	28½	28¼
Clover Leaf pfd	59½	59⅞	59⅜	59⅞
Colorado Fuel	35⅝	35⅞	34⅝	32⅝
Ches. and Ohio	64½	64½	63⅝	64¼
Central Leather	36	36⅜	35⅝	36⅛
Consolidated Gas	136⅝	138⅝	136½	138
Can. pfd.	70¼	70¼	70¼	70¼
Corn Prod. com.	17⅝	18¼	17⅜	17⅝
Del. & Hudson	169½	169½	169	169
Distillers Sec.	31⅝	31⅞	31⅝	31⅝
Erie com.	30½	30½	30	30½
Erie 1st pfd.	50⅝	51	50⅝	51
Gt. Northern pfd.	130¼	130¼	130¼	130¼
Interborough com.	22⅝	22⅞	22½	22⅝
Interborough pfd.	58	58⅛	58	58⅛
K. C. Sou com.	33½	33¼	33¼	33¼
Louis. & Nash.	147⅝	148	147	148
Lacledе Gas.	106¼	106½	105⅞	106⅜
Merc. Marine pfd.	18½	18½	18	18½
Missouri Pacific	57	57¼	56⅝	57
M. S. M.	132⅝	133½	132⅜	132⅝
M. K. & T. com.	35½	36	35½	36
Nor. Pacific	121	121⅝	120¾	121⅝
Northwestern	149	150⅝	149	150⅛
North Am. Co.	68	68	68	68
N. Y. Central	116¼	119⅝	116¼	119⅛
Nickel Plate com.	68	68	68	68
N. & W. com.	100	100⅝	100	100¼
N. & W. Con. 4's	100⅝	100⅝	100⅝	100⅝
Ont. & Western	43	43⅜	43	43⅜
Penn. Ry.	132	133½	132	132⅞
People's Gas	114	114⅝	113¾	114⅛
People's Gas Co.	100½	100⅝	100½	100½
Reading com.	152⅝	153⅞	152½	153⅝
Rock Island	34½	35½	34½	35⅛
Rock Island pfd.	67½	68	67½	68
Rep. I. & S. Co.	33⅝	34	33⅝	34
Ry. Steel Springs.	37⅛	37½	37⅛	37½
South. Ry.	26½	27¼	26½	26⅞
South. Ry. pfd.	61⅜	61¾	61	61¾
St. Paul	128⅛	128⅝	127	128¼
South. Pacific	118½	119⅝	118¾	119⅛
So Pac. Con. 4's	99¼	99¼	99¼	99¼
Sloss-Shef. com.	56	56	55	55½
Tenn. Copper	37¾	38⅝	37¼	38⅜
Union Pacific	173½	174⅞	173½	174½
Union Pac. pfd.	94	94	93⅝	93⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	105	105¼	105	105
U. S. Steel	76¾	77⅝	76¾	77½
U. S. Steel pfd.	119¼	119⅝	119¼	119⅞
U. S. Steel 5's	104½	104⅝	104	104
U. S. Rubber com.	38¼	38⅝	38¼	38⅝
Utah Copper	51½	52	51½	52
Virginia Chem.	63	64	62⅝	64
Western Md.	40	40	40	40
Wabash com.	19¼	19¼	18⅝	19¼
Wabash pfd.	39½	40⅞	39½	40½
Western Union	73½	73½	73	73

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 18.—Receipts were 1,000 hogs and the market 15c higher. Packers bought eagerly. Quality was fair and the market closed steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.00@9.15; good mediums, $9.15@9.25; heavy yorkers, $9.25@9.35; light yorkers, $9.15@9.25; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $9.15@9.30; good pigs, $9.10@9.25; bulk of sales, $9.15@9.30; stags and roughs, $6.50@8.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,000 to 1,250, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $5.50@6.25; fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $5.50@6.00; good butcher bulls, $5.25@5.75; fair to good bologna, $5.25@5.50; common, $5.00@5.25; choice fat heifers, $4.00@5.00; fair to good heifers, $3.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; culls to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $6.50.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $10.00 down.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 7,000, market steady, beeves $4.65@7.90; Texas steers $3.40@5.70; western steers $4.15@6.80; stockers and feeders $4.25@5.60; cows and heifers $2.25@6.40; calves $7.25@9.50. Hogs, receipts estimated at 18,000, market 5 to 10c higher, light $8.85@9.50; mixed $8.40@9.40; heavy $8.15@9.15; rough $8.15@8.40; good to choice heavy $8.40@9.15; pigs $8.50@9.10; bulk of sales $8.45@9.00. Sheep receipts estimated at 45,000, market steady, native $2.50@4.30; western $2.75@4.25; yearlings $4.80@5.40; lambs, native $4.50@7.10; western $4.75@6.85.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Oct. 18.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts 1,800; active, 15c to 25c higher; heavy, $9.40@9.50; mixed, $8.55@9.60; all others, $9.00@9.65. Sheep—Steady; $4.25 down; top lambs, $6.75. Calves—Steady; $10.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, Oct. 18.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 25 cars; higher; yorkers and pigs, $9.40; heavy, $9.00. Calves—$9.50. Lambs—$6.75. Cattle—$4.50@6.75.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin Creamery, 1 lb. prints, 30c; solid pack, 29c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; dairy butter, prime, 25@26c; packing stock, 21@22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16@16½c; New York state, 18c; brick, 17c; limburger, 18@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 26c; candled, 28c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate